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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXI. No. 534 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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ONE SWALLOW AND THE SUMMER

A WEEK of seven days is a short time in which to express the amazement we all feel as spectators of the melodrama in which Rudolf Hess plays the chief part. We have ransacked history in vain for a parallel. This Nazi fugitive is neither a Coriolanus nor a Talleyrand; his motive, so far as we can guess it, is neither revenge nor a calculated transfer of his services to the side that may soon be the stronger. We have all agreed to dismiss the theory which an embarrassed Dr. Goebbels first presented to the world. Hess is a big athletic man, an "ace" of the world-war, who led an abstemious and even ascetic life. He was in good health and in perfect command of all his faculties, as his daring management of a difficult flight proves. It is, however, true that like the Führer himself he played with astrology, had his mystical side and inclined to the Buchmanite reading of what he took to be Christianity. He stood over Hitler in prison while he wrote *Mein Kampf*, and with his knowledge of the British tradition gained in his boyhood in Egypt, he may have inspired the pro-English passages of that singular book. It was his habit to cultivate close social ties with wealthy and influential Englishmen. He had had a better education than most of the Nazi chiefs, had held a minor University post and spoke, to judge from our own impressions of his wireless talks, like a man accustomed to civilised society. To argue from this that he had even a distant acquaintance with humanity and morals, as we understand them, would be to fall into a grotesque error. He wallowed in the blood of his own comrades in the massacre of 1934, not to mention his political enemies. He was the head "boss" of the Nazi party: he had been entrusted with a kind of spying brief over the Gestapo: in both capacities he must have been steeped to the chin in all the moral filth of this group of gangsters and thugs. The combination of mysticism and idealism with ruthless brutality is nothing new or even unusual in history. If he was above graft and sensuality, the explanation is that his lust was for power. This he satisfied by acting as the one devoted friend whom Hitler trusted.

Why then did he undertake his romantic mission to England? Let us look first at his own account of his motives. He announced, as the American press has reported, that he had come "to save humanity." The official statement that he brought no peace offer is certainly correct. But he may have sincerely believed that the war between the two races destined to rule the world had gone on long enough. His specialty as an Evangelist congenial to Englishmen given to appeasement was always this suggestion that the two Herrenvölker should get together before it was too late. The German supermen can in the end, if they are put to it, destroy the slightly inferior British supermen, but only at a heavy cost. Why must we tear each other to pieces and compromise what might be a glorious future for us both? He had used such arguments with good effect in the past on exalted British friends. He hopes to use them with even better effect now. Has he not demonstrated his sincerity by this amazing gesture? The German statements about his intention to visit the Duke of Hamilton, near whose estate he landed, and the British announcement that he has addressed letters to the Duke of Hamilton since the war began corroborate this interpretation.

We have next to face the question whether his flight was collusive. Is he, in short, an emissary from Hitler, sent to our shores to delude us? The evidence is against this theory. The first German wireless news about his flight had in it the suggestion that his intention was to commit suicide. Secondly, is it likely that Hitler would have risked, even for this purpose, the colossal loss of prestige involved in the desertion, even if it were only apparent, of his Deputy?

Two alternatives confront us then, if we are to probe this fascinating mystery. Had there been a quarrel in the highest quarters round the Führer? Did Hess flee because he feared that his fellow-Christian and mystic Himmler would be "guided" to murder him? Or was he himself "guided" to sacrifice himself, his career and perhaps his family, and in that event is his purpose to delude us and divide us for the greater glory of God, or does he sincerely wish to share the world with us?

One suggestion arises here that is well worth examination. A possible reason for the supposed quarrel in Berlin may be in Hitler's relations

with Stalin. Suppose that Hitler has been balancing for some weeks whether to make war on Russia, or to come to terms with her in a closer union than before. Suppose that Hess as an Anglophil had urged war upon Russia and peace with Britain. Suppose that he had quarrelled on this issue with the Army, which dreaded as always a war on two fronts. Let us assume further that Stalin looked as if he were about to swallow the bait. His recognition of Rashid Ali, with his refusal to recognise any longer Norway, Belgium and Jugoslavia, suggests that he is nibbling at it. What if the next move should be, say, a Russian march into Persia? Might not Hess, in these conditions, feeling himself beaten in the struggle to dominate the Führer's will, decide to risk his own career in the hope of snatching a victory at the eleventh hour for his Anglophil tactics? If we could succeed, posterity and even the Nazi party would forgive his unconventional procedure.

We discuss this possibility with an open mind. On one point we are clear. The worst folly we can commit is to suppose that this romantic escapade really indicates a weakening in the Nazi will to destroy us. Whether it be spontaneous or collusive, its first purpose is clearly to divide us by reviving the hopes of the upper ranks of our Fifth Column. Not even after such a flight to our shores as this, does one swallow make a summer. This ill-omened bird does not come from the ranks of those Germans who may some day be our friends.

Stalin and Rashid Ali

Though overshadowed by great events, Stalin's first active political step since assuming the Soviet premiership, his half-recognition of Rashid Ali, is significant, reminding us of two things: that the British Foreign Office has been carrying on its private war against the Soviet Union, and that Stalin neither forgets nor forgives his enemies. Prince Paul of Jugoslavia, for example, for long cast by certain Western statesmen as "White" leader of a Balkan front against Bolshevism, appears to have fully believed that Hitler's Balkan campaign was aimed only against the Soviets, and agreed, for this reason, to a Jugoslav-Nazi alliance. It was therefore only natural for Stalin immediately to back General Simovich's Jugoslav Popular Front, which opposed this movement. Intent on keeping the good will of the 100,000,000 Moslems of the Empire, British diplomacy has been trying to rally the Arabs against the Nazis on the ground that Hitler had made a pact with godless Russia. Hence Stalin's reply by a gesture of support for Rashid Ali, who was at any rate not part of those manoeuvres.

Probably the gesture does not go far. Communist Parties have made little headway among the Arabs of the Middle East, though they definitely exist. Yet the religious-feudal approach of the Foreign Office is probably equally ineffective with the young city Arabs of Egypt, Iraq and Syria. Moreover, Stalin's gesture is merely a small reminder that just as Soviet Russia has a German and a Japanese front, so he has a "British Empire Front," right across Southern Asia, of which the Persian Gulf, a possible Russian access to the open sea, is a key strategic point. And while Stalin has his German policy in the West and his Japanese policy in the Far East, on the long Southern Asian front there is, unfortunately, only a vacuum.

Economic Notes (*from an Industrial Correspondent*)

The Government counter-attack on its critics developed on all fronts this week. In the House Mr. Churchill's oratory crushed, but did not reply to, the questions about the organisation of intelligence, military strategy, civilian defence and economic organisation. Captain Lyttelton, at yet another public luncheon (presumably unrationed and home-grown foods), asserted that the Government had a coherent, comprehensive and comprehensible economic plan. In his view "this plan embraces the whole problem" and "no part of it is unrelated to the other." "Of course," he went on, "these plans take time to develop; *they must not at any cost be put into operation at once.*" This is one of the reasons why the observer may get the impression that the various bodies of economic troops are moving haphazardly—but those who are in the know realise that all is moving according to a plan. He then explained that the building of new factories takes time and that nothing would have been gained if labour had been released prematurely. But is this really so? The critics (and some of the best experts in the Ministries) have pointed out time and again that in a modern war when you are at a gross disadvantage in productive power you should not rely on building new factories: you should take over existing buildings. And if you build you should not build in districts without adequate supply of labour or housing. It takes time, moreover, to train people. Take an example of planning. Young girls and married women, living in thoroughly bad conditions, are handicapped by having to stand in queues for their necessities and then to travel in great discomfort to and from their work in order to do a sixty or more hour week, for a basic wage which is (relatively to wages paid in non-essential industry) still too low. In such conditions it cannot be said that we are moving according to an all-embracing plan. It has been discovered long ago that optimum working hours are below forty-eight for women. Or take food. Captain Lyttelton claims that rationing is a success. Yet of the articles that must be rationed by groups (which includes all fish, canned goods, etc., in fact everything except staples, which everyone must buy regularly) the Ministry has not so far tackled any except "spreads" (i.e., jam, treacle, etc.). His own department has not rationed the consumer at all, but merely restricted supply to the retailer. Surely he would not claim that that represents an equitable solution of the problem. Captain Lyttelton has yet to show that the Government's failure to organise transport and shipping at an earlier date is not responsible for aggravating the raw-materials position which will actually create heavy unemployment in the midst of a war unless, once again, American convoys save the situation. He has yet to show whether the policy of concentration without compensation is the appropriate method of dealing with industry, and above all retail trade. He has yet to show whether an all-round rationing of food with an appropriate policy for agriculture would not release shipping space for munitions. Captain Lyttelton spoke vigorously, without answering the Government's critics.

* * *

Last week the House of Lords allowed with costs the appeal of the Bradford Third Equitable Benefit Building Society against Mrs. Borders. So ended litigation which began more than three years ago when the Society claimed possession of Mrs. Border's house and she counterclaimed, alleging misrepresentation in a brochure issued by the builders. In the final judgment it was held that although the booklet issued by the vendors asserted that a leading building society was prepared to advance 95 per cent. of the price because the houses were so well built, that statement did not refer to the Bradford Society, which did not appear on the scene until after the brochure was printed. What emerges from this case is if rotten houses are foisted upon unsuspecting purchasers, then neither the survey performed as part of the duty of the local authorities nor the survey effected on behalf on the building society constitute any protection against this species of fraud. Housing of the less well-to-do sections of the population is emphatically not a case for the application of the principle *Caveat emptor*, if only because jerry-built property is an offence to the whole of society. A stricter enforcement of the duties of local authorities and an increased onus upon building societies might effect an improvement, but the problem really demands national control and inspection. There must be no such abuses in the next post-war reconstruction and expansion, and we hope the Ministry of Reconstruction will take due note of this case which has ended so unfortunately for humble people.

* * *

Why do the Minister of Economic Warfare and his colleagues go on suggesting the speedy discomfiture of Hitler and changes enforced in his mechanised warfare through the shortage of oil? The timing of recent remarks of this kind by Mr. John Wilmot was particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that the conquest of the Aegean opens the sea route from the Black Sea to Hitler. He has more oil there than he needs for essential purposes. If he has suffered any vital inconvenience—of which there is no indication—that was the result of the insufficiency of his land-communications with that area. This restricted his oil import capacity to about 2 million tons of oil per annum. It is to be expected that the maximum to be achieved could not exceed 3 millions. Rumania, however, alone produced 6½ million tons before the war, and that production can be increased to the previous 8-9 millions. Its fall was due to the nationalist policy of the Rumanian Governments, which restrained the operations of foreign companies. No such inhibitions will now stand in the way of the Germans. As long as we retain Crete and other bases in the Eastern Mediterranean we can harry Nazi transports, but we cannot cut them off altogether. This means an additional carrying capacity of up to 4-5 million tons of oil per annum on the basis of their tanker tonnage. The Nazis will now be able to exert pressure on Turkey to sell them chromium—another of the vital but "short" commodities in the German system. And their food problem will undoubtedly ease with the increased means of transport. The other equally dangerous tendency on the part of Ministers is to blame Soviet Russia for the inefficiency of the blockade. There seems in fact still to be no evidence that Russia is increasing the export of goods which she imports. When there are reliable reports that we are letting French ships pass unhindered through Gibraltar this charge against Russia sounds silly. An important use that the blockade still possesses is to force the Nazis to use a large number of workers to produce substitute materials which they would otherwise get cheaply from tropical areas.

The Government and the House *(by a Parliamentary Correspondent)*

It would have been better for the country if the Prime Minister had secured his vote of confidence by a hundred fewer votes. As it is, the Administration is confirmed in its ways; incredible as it sounds at this time, there are even signs of increasing complacency and self-satisfaction amongst Ministers, especially of the more junior sort. Members I have talked to, who visited their divisions over the week-end, found that, while the public, like most Members, admired the Prime Minister's speech as a great oratorical effort, they were quick to note his failure to answer a single major criticism. For once the critics of the Government had secured a good showing in the National press, and the public appreciated the fact that these prominent Members were voicing doubts expressed by the man-in-the-street.

Not that there is any widespread desire for the downfall of the Churchill Government. Far from it. Shinwell expressed the point of view of public and Members alike when he said in the debate that the last thing he wanted to do was to hamper the Government's war effort. He wanted a greater war effort, and his energy was devoted to turning their 100 per cent. war effort into 101 per cent., which Morrison did not seem to like. What is wrong with the Government is not that it is not doing its best—although to say a politician is doing his best is probably the most damning thing one can say about him—but its best is not enough, because policy and structure are not sound.

Members of all parties are still convinced of the vital need for a small War Cabinet of Ministers freed from all departmental responsibility, with time to think out major problems of policy and departmental co-ordination. Had such a War Cabinet been in existence, would the reorganisation of the fire services on a national scale have been delayed until nearly six months after the Guildhall fire? Government structure is weak because the necessity for changes in policy and organisation take far too long to drift from the bottom up to the Minister, and there is no pressure downward upon the Minister from an alert War Cabinet composed of members with clearly defined functions and the time to carry them out.

Feeling amongst Members against secret sessions is certainly increasing. Why should the debate on economic warfare be held in secret? After all, the enemy knows the facts about our blockade far more accurately than we do. He knows where he is breaking through it. The public also are in possession of facts which they feel need elucidation. The sending of food ships to France from America is an instance in point. Dalton and his minions have made sweeping statements about a coming shortage of oil in Germany—statements which are at variance with the known facts. Is it right that the public should have informed criticism of these statements withheld from them, because the lips of the critics are sealed by a secret session, while the Minister can blurt out his own version over the wireless uncorrected.

Churchill's dismissal of Lloyd George's criticisms as worthy of a Pétain has raised another smoke-room topic. Ever since the formation of the Churchill Government there has been a growing tendency on the part of its members to describe critics who press for a greater and more intelligent war effort as "defeatist." This epithet is more particularly applied to those who endeavour to reach a realistic assessment of what Germany is doing to increase her striking power. Surely these critics are performing a patriotic function of the first order in exposing the inadequacies of British organisation?

Finally, as the outcome of this debate, there is a rapidly growing realisation amongst Members that debates should be on subjects rather than on particular departments. It is, for instance, impossible to discuss the work of the Ministry of Supply satisfactorily without the presence of the Minister of Labour. Almost every problem of supply comes back to the bottle-neck of skilled labour. The debate should therefore be on munitions production. Agriculture cannot be discussed without reference to the general food situation. As Clement Davies is always preaching, the Minister of Agriculture to-day is really the factory manager of the Minister of Food. The debate, to be effective, should be on the subject of food, with representatives of both departments present to reply. It is useless discussing shipping without considering it in relation to port facilities and transport. Civil defence, a matter which calls for early debate, must include evacuation as well as the Civil Defence Services. Such a debate would involve not only the Minister of Home Security, but also the Minister of Health and the Minister of Labour to represent the Assistance Board. Above all, the question of man-power, which underlies all these other problems, urgently needs debate upon the broadest basis. Lloyd George's questions about the size of the Army have sunk into the minds of the people.

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AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

In the last war, when vast armies were locked in a struggle that seemed as meaningless as it was hideous, salvation came from the West. American help turned the tide of battle; the knowledge that the giant resources and millions of fresh troops of the new world were on the side of the Allies, convinced the stubborn soldiers of Germany that victory was impossible. The promise of a non-vindictive peace and of a settlement which would bring security and prosperity in Europe gave new heart to sane people in this country and encouraged the suffering people of Central Europe to prefer the risks of revolt to the certainty of further slaughter. To-day, in a struggle which is rapidly deteriorating into a mere orgy of mutual destruction, the eyes of Europe once again turn to the United States. Here alone is a Power whose resources and ideas may yet change the course of history. The American Government, certainly supported by the majority of the American people, is pledged to support the Allied cause. The United States is not yet at war with Germany, and Washington has a freedom of initiative impossible to any other Power. We in this island should be less than human if we kept whole our sense of perspective. Inevitably we tend to answer every problem by an appeal to America, sometimes forgetting that even if the battle of the Atlantic is won, even if we can hold out until American aid is fully at our disposal, and our survival is assured, even so the British struggle with Germany remains in all its magnitude and horror, and the outlook remains both gruesome and obscure.

That American opinion is far advanced towards full participation in this struggle is made clearer than ever by the speeches of Lord Halifax. No British Ambassador would speak in the cities of the Middle West in the terms used by Lord Halifax were he not assured of a favourable response. Lord Halifax used grand, if familiar, words in his speech at Chicago; he talked of a system of security, of economic collaboration between the free peoples and a system of ordered change. He spoke of a new world order to be built by the British Commonwealth and by the United States. He referred to the welfare of the common people as more important than political agreements, and the principles of freedom as taking precedence over frontiers. If one is to rely on general phrases it would be hard to better these. Nor can we blame any statesman to-day for speaking in generalities about a future in which neither he nor any of those who share his ideals can be certain of playing a part. But when we consider the more detailed parts of his speech we can see that Lord Halifax has in his mind a sketch map of a just conceivable future. He says that "no peace that would be a real peace can be made with Hitler and his Huns." Britain, in his phrase, is "to stick it out" and "take whatever punishment comes," until with American aid, "we can attain complete victory and rid the world of this awful thing." The method is to deprive Germany of such vital materials as oil, copper and rubber, to win the battle of the Atlantic, to build up on a basis of British Empire and American factories an air force so vast that it can establish air superiority over the coast of France and enable British, and presumably American, troops to invade the Continent. In 1918 the Allies made the mistake of not going to Berlin. On this occasion we are to march to Berlin and dictate a British and American peace.

How far does such a programme square with the real possibilities? Perhaps nothing can be ruled out as impossible, in this fantastic age, but improbable it certainly is. Germany to-day is organising the resources of the Continent; her capacity for producing aeroplanes is still surpassing ours. Ministers have repeatedly given dates when our production was to equal Germany's; the date recedes. When American production is in full swing, however, the balance will certainly tilt in our favour. Even so, a year is the least time any expert would give before the aircraft at Britain's disposal can outpace that under Germany's control. To have sufficient aeroplanes to defend this country, in so far as an aerial defence is possible, is an achievement that may speedily be accomplished; to establish air supremacy over Germany—to have, that is, so many more aeroplanes than Germany that we can make a landing in comparative security in the Channel ports—is to demand something which is not obviously obtainable. Hitler's air strength was perhaps three to one against British air strength in the summer of 1940, but that did not enable him to invade our shores, to bomb London by day, or to defeat the R.A.F. in the great struggle of last autumn. On land the sum is no less difficult to add up. Germany has, if she wishes, perhaps ten million trained men; she has at least twenty armoured divisions and she is rapidly increasing their number. In time, perhaps in two years, an Anglo-American alliance might have a similar force at their disposal. If

German submarines are swept from the sea and the American and British air fleet have driven the *Luftwaffe* from our communications, a British invasion of the Continent would certainly be far easier than a German invasion of England. The Navy could protect the invading forces, and the length of the Continental coast-line would be vulnerable. Then, presumably, Lord Halifax envisages the gradual conquest of Europe against Hitler's legions. To us and to many military experts this seems an improbable proposition unless other very great changes have occurred. Only if an entirely new type of popular drive has overcome the resistances of the economic system in Britain and the United States and greatly increased the speed of production; only if defence against the night bomber, which seems, on the present evidence, to be improving, has become more effective; only if shortage of materials has impaired the efficiency of German weapons and the morale of Germany is by that time at a low ebb; only if many of the subject peoples of the Continent are making life difficult for the Nazis and regard the invading hosts as the forces of liberation—only in these conditions does such a victorious invasion of Europe seem a possible proposition.

If Germany is to be defeated and if this country is to endure the agonies that would be involved in waiting several years until the conditions assumed by Lord Halifax are realities, it is clear that the whole approach of the Government and of conventional opinion towards the war must be changed. We are so accustomed to our insular habits, we have learnt with such difficulty that we are no longer the greatest or, indeed, one of the greatest Powers of the world, that we seldom trouble to consider how this struggle looks to outside peoples. We may lay it down as a basic proposition that every country which has experienced German rule would prefer British victory. The Germans bring a greater efficiency, but they bring with it a racial theory and a mastery which has been generally alien from the primarily financial domination established by British power. People who have been conquered by Germany do not love Germans. But if Britain appears the weaker party, if the alternative is massacre from the air or surrender to the Nazis, small peoples have no real choice but to give in to Nazi threats. If they give up their independence with infinite reluctance and admire the stoutness of British resistance, they have not that enthusiasm for Britain that we in England like to imagine. What has Britain offered, or what does Britain offer even now, except a return to a Europe which cannot in fact ever be revived in its old form, and, outside Europe, an extension of her own Imperial interests? How far are her expressions of altruism the result of anything but her own embarrassment? Where Britain could do as she liked, the example of India is not a reassuring answer. In Germany itself, where common people have generally found friendship with the British peculiarly easy, what could be the effect of Lord Halifax's remark that there can be no peace with Hitler "and his Huns"? Perhaps if we had a fuller report before us we should know whether Lord Halifax was applying that customary term of abuse to the whole German people or only to that minority of active Nazis who now have Germany so firmly in their grip. If the former, he is merely re-echoing the folly that the passion of war naturally evokes. But even if the whole of his programme were carried out, even if we did in fact march to Berlin, if Hitler's Panzer divisions were defeated by British and American Panzer divisions, even if England, itself a smoking ruin, were to succeed in reducing Germany also to flames and rubble, even so the German people would remain the most industrious, the most unified in political consciousness, the most skilful and the most numerous in Europe. Obviously, none of the phrases that Lord Halifax used about security or peace or prosperity for the future can have any meaning unless they include a determination to find common institutions in which British and German people can co-operate once the Nazi regime is overthrown.

It may be that these considerations are more clear to the American President than they can be to any Englishman who hears the thud of German bombs. It will be a calamity if President Roosevelt steers his country, which he handles as a master navigator, into a European war without making it clear on what terms and for what purposes America wages war. We have girded much at the British authorities for their failure to state either the limited or ultimate objectives in this war. Nothing we have urged could more help Hitler than an indiscriminate declaration of war upon the whole German people which must necessarily unite them from fear of our revenge; nothing can more discourage our potential allies on the Continent or render impossible the task of propaganda, which must always be meaningless unless it is related to policy. But Britain has its excuse. It is indeed fighting for its life. British aims must be moulded by American. The key, therefore, once again, as in 1917, lies on the President's table. It would seem to us the path of wisdom for Mr. Roosevelt not only to lay down general propositions about the kind of world which the idealist would like to make and which the soldiers, the financiers and the politicians are highly unlikely to achieve when the opportunity arises, but also to state the conditions which America and Britain would regard as essential before they could consider a cessation of slaughter. We agree with Lord Halifax that there can be no "real peace" with the Nazis; to say that is not enough, or it should not be the end of thinking; it should not exclude the use of our brains. Hitler has won many victories because, given power, he has also used propaganda intelligently. Why did we fail to develop this weapon as well as the tanks and aeroplanes that we need? At present everyone in Europe is told by Germany, with some show of truth, that peace, if peace means only the end of war, could be theirs if the British would leave off fighting. Ought we not to put the onus back on Hitler? It seems to us that the American President has the chance of making it clear that as soon as Hitler is prepared to withdraw from the countries he has occupied, then he will be prepared to frame the terms at least of a truce to be enforced and guaranteed by the United States. If that idea is stressed day by day by every newspaper and in every broadcast, we throw at least the ball of controversy into the Nazi Party, which, as the theatrical arrival of Herr Hess suggests, is by no means united in its policy. The Nazi regime could not possibly survive once this process of withdrawal had actually began. We do not suggest that any propaganda would produce an immediate effect in Germany. Hitler's hold to-day is overwhelming; but he knows, and the whole of Europe and Germany knows, that once America is fully on to our side a German victory is impossible. In that case he is confronted with an insoluble problem. Sooner or later, even if this country were in ashes, the Nazi regime will collapse and his people turn against him. In a word, if America's participation on our side is fully declared and indubitable, the United States and Britain will be strong enough to take the initiative in propaganda, though it will be long, on Lord Halifax's showing, before we can take the initiative on the field of battle. And our propaganda initiative should be to throw the onus for continuing the war upon Hitler, and our principal menace to his regime should be the knowledge in the mind of every suffering person on the Continent that he and he alone was maintaining a war which could be ended without the disintegration or destruction of his country, which must support him as long as it fears a revenge.

A LONDON DIARY

LIFE never seemed so unreal, so like a chapter from a novelette, as it has this week. When I get up in the morning I have actually to look at the damage before I can believe that so many of the buildings and places that I most treasured in London have just disappeared off the face of the earth. And then, suddenly, the unconventional arrival of Hess turned the nightmare, for the moment at least, into sheer melodrama. This, surely, is fiction, a dream confusion of Mr. Chamberlain's peace mission to Germany and Peter Fleming's *Flying Visit*. The resemblance is striking enough. In that book Hitler flies over England—Low depicts him coming to earth by parachute—and, like Hess, tries to find his way to the house of an English landlord whom he entertained in Germany. After comic adventures in an English village, he sees the Prime Minister and proves so embarrassing a guest that he is quietly dropped back again into Germany! That, I suppose, is not likely to be Hess's fate and as for the visit to an English friend that, no doubt intended, has been frustrated. But how odd we English are! Hess, it seems, is really quite a nice fellow. A lot of English people went to see him in Germany and found him charming. He was a great ski-er and that is an excellent way of meeting the right people. He may have believed in witchcraft, but his religion certainly led him into the friendliest collaboration with Englishmen of goodwill—and good birth. He is also an educated man; he taught geography as a colleague of Haushofer, the great exponent of "geopolitics." According to his theory Asia and Europe make inevitably one great block which, because of her central position, Germany must dominate. A fascinating article on Hess and Geopolitics appeared in this journal on August 26, 1939. Note that the theory, which has much that is sensible in it, provides just that *inevitable* assurance of victory that the Puritans had from their view of the triumph of God's Saints, that Marxists had from the economic interpretation of history, and that a "mystical" Nazi needs to strengthen him through years of murder and terrorism. Anyway, this man was

a "gangster," yesterday; and to-day he is called an "idealist." The wireless even made the absurd mistake of calling him a "refugee." I've heard some odd remarks about him in the last few days. "Why not send Simon by parachute in exchange?" said one man. Another remark was that we should announce that the whole of Salisbury Plain was open to General Göring.

* * *

Bernard Shaw was interviewed the other day by a Sunday newspaper reporter, who wanted to know if he still thought, as he said early in the war, that Stalin was the one statesman with a sensible policy. Mr. Shaw stuck to his original proposition, and personally I should agree with him on most of his points. Stalin will certainly have been clever if he really keeps his country out of this war, and he has everything to gain both on national and ideological grounds if the rest of the world tears itself to pieces. As for his occupation of part of Poland, even Mr. Churchill agreed that we had no grounds for complaint when Stalin anticipated Hitler there, and I regard it as particularly foolish for the Polish Government to remain nominally at war with Russia about a frontier which we have neither the intention nor the chance of restoring. A much similar defence may be made, I think, for the Russian occupation of the Baltic States and Bessarabia. With Germany threatening, their independence was gone in any case, and Stalin had good security reason for wishing to regain old frontiers. I think Mr. Shaw goes wrong about Finland. True, Stalin, unlike other dictators, stopped when he had secured the frontier he wished, but I believe that he made the greatest mistake of his life when he bombed Helsinki. He appears to have been deceived by bogus reports from Kuusinen, just as he was by reports from Communist agents in other countries, into thinking that the workers of Finland were longing to join the U.S.S.R. He began by believing that Russia had only to blow a bugle and the Finns would flock to his standard. Then he became too much involved to draw back and had to go on with the war, which did more than anything else to undermine Russia's prestige as the leader of a peace-loving Socialism. The common deductions about Russian weakness from the Finnish campaign are not, I think, justified. When serious troops were brought up and a plan was worked out, the Mannerheim line did not stop them. A remark Mr. Shaw might well have corrected was one about Hitler being under the "strong thumb of Stalin," which was only less comic than a former remark he made about Stalin being no dictator, but an elected Secretary of a party, who could be thrown out "in ten minutes." Stalin is obviously conscious that Russia is less powerful on the field of battle than Germany, and the moves he makes to keep his neutrality arise from a very realistic knowledge of German efficiency. Also I am by no means sure that he can rely on his population, especially in the Ukraine, in the event of war. If I had to hazard a guess about one of the next big events I should expect a meeting between Stalin and Hitler and a new pact which will sound big but which will again be no real sign of friendship. Russia to the German General Staff is not Bolshevik or anything else: it represents just so much military power and such and such a source of war material.

* * *

What are we doing with our Italian prisoners of war, who now number more nearly 200,000 than 150,000 men? They are thoroughly disillusioned with the Fascist regime, but most of them are political illiterates. Has it occurred to our military authorities that we might help them to educate themselves? The more intelligent of them would welcome books to while away their long captivity. An Italian friend of mine, one of the ablest adversaries of Fascism since its early days, makes a suggestion which I should like to commend to Whitehall. It is that we should reprint for their use, of course in Italian, a few outstanding books which would recall to them the free traditions of their motherland. Silone's masterpiece of satire *Fontamara* might rank first, with his even more moving *Bread and Wine*, and to these one might add the classical lives of Mazzini and Garibaldi. This might begin the process of re-education. Probably it is too optimistic to look to these prisoners as part of a Free Italian or Garibaldian Legion, but we might find some very useful political material if the intention is some day to promote a democratic revival in Italy. The priests in whose care they now are will not turn their minds in that direction.

* * *

One of the useful things about *The English at War* by Cassandra (Secker and Warburg, 2*s*.) is that no one can answer it by saying that it proceeds from any doctrinaire, Socialism or a desire to chase any ideological hare. It is the work of a hard-boiled journalist who watched the growth of Fascism on the Continent and who now fights it in the columns of the *Daily Mirror*. He *really* hates war as well as Fascism and for the right reasons, and he shows in the snippets of his first chapter how it hits common people. The second analyses the contradictions of the Churches; again he has discovered what is and what is not Christianity. As an exposure of the profiteering and inefficiency of capitalism in war-time, his fourth chapter is a good introduction to a nauseating subject. Cassandra's third chapter deals with the army. Part of it retails a number of interviews with applicants for commissions. I have heard many corroboratory examples. How is this as an illustration of the "people's war?"

Question: I view your application favourably. Now tell me—what clubs do you belong to?

Answer: None, sir.

Question: I don't think you quite understood my question. I mean any clubs. Sports clubs, for instance. Even a cricket club will do.

Answer: I don't belong to any club, sir.

Question: Not even one?

Answer: No, sir.

Question: Come and see me in three months' time. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to W. E. Russell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

1940, as has been said, was a good year, an encouraging year in these times. And 1941, I am glad to say, is even better up to date (hear, hear)—up to date: distinctly better than 1940. For that again we must be thankful. But when one thinks of our success—because we *have* been successful—I cannot but remember what a former chairman of this company used to say to me 35, 40 years ago, after a good year: "In the time of our prosperity, Good Lord deliver us."—Company meeting report in the *Times*.

Some of you live in places you do not like—in narrow streets and small houses, amid noise and smoke. There is nothing beautiful to look at, and no nice garden to play in. If you had been asked, you would never have lived there; you would have lived in a palace, a fine park, or a house by the sea; but you could not help yourself. God just took you and put you there. Just as He puts the King in his palace, and the Arab in his desert, so he puts you in that little street and little house. "I want you to live there," said God.—*St. George's, Tufnell Park, Parish Magazine.*

WANTED.—Wooden Structure for sitting in. State price.—Advt. in *Sevenoaks Chronicle.*

"THE GOLDEN BOUGH"

THE news of Sir James Frazer's death brought to many of us who have reached middle life, or passed it, a painful nostalgia. Once upon a time there was an era when men could speculate on the origins of religion and the infancy of the human mind in the profound calm of a continent that believed it had attained civilisation. To-day, as we recall it, it is as if we were dragging the mangled corpse of a parent from the rubble and débris of our ancestral home. In those days the only Germans with whom we reckoned were such men as Haeckel, whose entrancing volumes stood beside Darwin's on our shelves, or that pioneering scholar, Mannhardt, whose work Frazer continued to such purpose. The old man is gone, burdened with years and honours, his work rounded and complete, and over his grave we must struggle with barbarians for the right to think and speculate with free minds. He knew, and he often said, that the primitive savage whose thinking he traced in our still surviving superstitions is alive in the dark places of our hearts. That savage has armed himself with wings and high explosives and our worst peril is that when we hear his war-cry in the enemy tongue it may awaken an echo in our own.

To his own generation and the next, Frazer was much more than a great scientist who endeared himself to us by the humanity and the literary grace of his style. Under the dry reserve of his shy Scottish manner there lay concealed a gift of imaginative sympathy that was for ever performing its miracles by penetrating the ways of thought of hairy Ainus and Australian black-fellows, while it moved as if it were at home, in spite of its Calvinist ancestry, amid the gracious paganism of Hellenes and Syrians. "Without poetry and tenderness," as he once wrote, "it is impossible to form a true understanding of the human mind and its creations." With all his scholarly restraint, and that formidable patience which never wearied in the collection of facts, half of Frazer, as he said of his master Renan, was a romantic Celt. With a plodding industry that no Teutonic scholar ever surpassed, he managed to combine an artist's sense of form, and even

when it grew into twelve big volumes, packed with innumerable notes, *The Golden Bough* moved from the intriguing question of its opening pages to the triumphant solution in its last book with a sureness and grace that resembled rather a musical composition in strict sonata form than a scientific treatise.

We read this great book with insatiable curiosity and unflagging pleasure, but there were solider reasons than these for our gratitude. The rationalism of the Mid-Victorian Age had never been happy or at ease in its rejection of revealed religion. A haunting sense of guilt dogged it, even while it battled bravely for its intellectual freedom. It felt that its agnosticism was a sort of parricide. That was inevitable so long as our rationalistic convictions were the fruit of a bitter controversy, won by denials, revolts and exposures, that had raged from Voltaire's day to Darwin's. When at length we read *The Golden Bough* the dust of the battle settled, and with the serenity that comes only from scientific method religious beliefs took their place among other natural phenomena, as a subject for dispassionate investigation. Frazer knew very well what he was doing, but with confident tact he left his readers to draw their own conclusions. Long before we reached the end of the book, the creed and mythology which had once seemed to us unique in their imperative appeal to our flagging capacity for faith, had taken their due place as one manifestation among many of an all but universal cult, which had its origins neither in Judaea nor in revelation, but in the first efforts of primitive man to influence by magic for his own immediate ends the seasons and the stars in their courses, the bounty of vegetation and the fertility of his flocks. Why the god must be slain and why it was an obligation to partake of his flesh was theological mystery no longer, but an intelligible fact in the life-history of agricultural peoples. Frazer contrived to do his work without arousing in any embarrassing degree the fury of the fundamentalists, yet to none of the liberators do we owe a greater debt. He did for our time what Lucretius did for his ; he emancipated us from the most crushing form of fear. As the sense of oppression lifted, our indignation and our partisan resentments vanished also. In Frazer's words we could feel " the tender charm of the idols which our poor human species had so long cherished as its gods."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of this man's life-work upon his own generation and the next. He pushed back history several thousands of years. If the primitive farmers who grew their grain as a daring experiment on irrigated terraces beside their megaliths left no written records, we could now guess what hopes and anxieties and quasi-scientific reckonings occupied their thoughts. We had a clue to the ideas that dominated our own ancestors when they hewed a way through the primeval forests towards the seashore and this island. We could now hear and distinguish the overtones of obsolete belief just audible in the vocabulary even of our modern languages. This work of Frazer's on what he called " mental anthropology " was doubly fruitful because at the same time the archaeologists were uncovering for us the stones and the paintings of these same primitive men whose thought Frazer was reconstructing by inference from the contemporary ideologies of the South Seas and the African bush. Primitive man was an hypothesis no longer : we can visit his picture galleries in the caves of the Dordogne and the Pyrenees. Men gained in this brilliant generation a new sense of the continuity and intelligibility of human life. Darwin, whose disciple and continuer Frazer felt himself to be, had traced the origins and the evolution of our physical body : he gave us the record of our mental growth. He consciously used the same comparative method, and with Marx and Freud he ranks only after the founder of modern biology among the influences which have fixed the thinking of our day.

Criticism, needless to say, has been busy on Frazer's work, its assumptions, its limitations, its methods and its results. His interest in ritual was always slighter than his interest in myth, yet ritual is certainly the more fundamental of these two. He ignored almost entirely the play of economic motive in the shaping of primitive society, a gap which Malinowski and others are filling. The schools of Freud and Jung are now offering their interpretations of symbol and myth with disturbing results as yet difficult to estimate. The comparative method, as Frazer followed it, had its pitfalls, for it was dangerous to tear fragments of mythology and custom out of the rich context in which they stood. The " primitive man " whose ways of thought he investigated was an abstract and hypothetical being, who never in fact existed. The inevitable reaction set in with the encouragement of scientific field work. Frazer was the typical sedentary scholar who had travelled only in his library, pillaging all the records from Herodotus and Plutarch to the early Jesuits and his contemporary Bishop Codrington. To-day it is the concrete individuality, the peculiarity of each separate primitive society that Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict have emphasised, until they have almost ceased to generalise or to search for any connecting threads in the rich variety of their discoveries. From another angle Rivers and the diffusionists challenged the assumption which Frazer inherited from Tylor—that if the thinking and institutions of primitive societies the world over reveal startling similarities, the explanation must be sought solely in the identical working of the human mind. If the anthropologists of the last century had known all that we now know about the possibility of navigation in primitive times, they would have been less sceptical about the diffusion of early cultures. As Professor Childe has put it, the Megalithic Cult was a missionary church which carried its beliefs and rites round the world with its colossal architecture. The comparative method, as Frazer used it, painted flatly in two dimensions. Rivers brought into it the factor of history and time : here he traced migration and conquest, there degeneration, oblivion and decay. In short, the science that Frazer did so much to shape is still a living body of thought, with its fashions and its rivalries, its fresh tendencies and its experimental lines of development. But however it may grow, the immense mass of Frazer's creative work will remain its proudest classic. If here and there he was mistaken, if on this doubtful detail or the other his guess has been discarded, the substance of his argument stands erect among the noblest scientific monuments of a century that knew how to build in the grand manner.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

BEFORE DAWN

WHEN we speak of reconstructing our battered country after the war, what do we mean? Lord Reith's task is defined as *physical* reconstruction—of our bombed cities first and foremost, but also of our whole country, as far as it stands in need of physical rebuilding in order to make of it a fit home for the people in the world after the war. Mr. Greenwood, presumably, is meant to dig deeper, as well as to cast his vision over a wider space ; but how deeply has he either the mandate or the will to delve? Is it for him to say, if he is or comes to be of such an opinion, that the entire way of living to which we have grown accustomed is radically wrong, not merely in its physical environment but also in its spiritual quality, of which the physical face of Britain is the expression and the symbol?

I feel, deep in me, the sense of this pervading evil, which has so poisoned our institutions that for the means of resistance to Fascism we have had to fall back upon our common humanity and on the deep sense of national unity which holds us together as a people. These were the qualities that saved us last summer, when France fell—these, and the finding in our extremity of a national leader who, with all his faults, was able to embody them. Our island situation, though much of its ancient protective virtue is no more, gave us the respite which we needed for finding our national soul. It gave us time to rally under our new leader, and under the Government which in the crisis symbolised our national unity. That was much—indeed, for the moment, all. But the very conditions of immediate resistance forbade us opportunity for any deep self-examination. We rallied as a people, but we could not pause to enquire what manner of people we were, or for what ends, beyond immediate national self-preservation, we were girding up our loins to fight.

Largely, that is still where we stand—defending our bare right to continue to exist as a nation and no more. But, though this deep sense of unity is our most potent shield against the onslaught of the barbarians, it cannot point the way to victory or to the new world which we must make for ourselves if we are to live, when our immediate ordeal is over, happy or secure. For victory, and for that which is to come on the heels of victory, we need for ourselves an ideal of the new life which we are to build up, primarily for ourselves, but also, as far as in us lies, for other peoples we must work with in repairing the devastation and striking out towards a new mastery of the human spirit over the forces that have brought humanity to ruin's brink.

A Government which transcends party boundaries may mean either of two things : It may mean on the one hand an inter-party arrangement, conceived on the understanding that nothing, or as little as possible, hitherto stood for by any of the parties included in it shall be changed or assailed, and that such invasions of old habits as have to be made in the emergency shall be regarded as but temporary and without prejudice to the future—war measures, designed to impede as little as possible a later resumption of the old party strife. Or it may mean, on the other

hand, something very different—a recognition among men of all parties that they are not without their share of folly, that the old party cries fail to express the true spirit of the people, and that parties and party issues and the very structure of political life all need making new.

It was inevitable that our new Government of last spring, born before the extreme character of the national crisis had been thoroughly understood, should partake largely of the first of these qualities. Though it was to a great extent a Government of the best who were available, within the somewhat narrow limits of parliamentary personalities, it was in essence a compromise, based on a most unsatisfactory composition of Parliament. It was good enough, thanks to Churchill's leadership and the seconding of the leaders of Labour, to head the great national effort which kept the barbarians off from our shores, and put arms belatedly into the hands of our people. But it lacked—it lacks still—the power to transcend its political origins. Churchill's leadership has not transformed the Conservative Party; nor have the Labour leaders appeared to be even attempting to make of their party something different from what it was. The unresolved antagonisms persist, both within the Government and, yet more, in the rump which has to serve us in lieu of a really representative Parliament; and in default of clear leadership there is no one to guide the people towards a clear vision of the rapidly changing conditions of living for the community in its coming re-birth.

Yet how changed these conditions are is plain enough to anyone who can spare mental eyes to look upon the world. No longer will this country of ours be able to eke out its living by tribute levied upon other peoples. In that sense at least, the days of our empire are over; and henceforth we must rely on our own resources and on our ability to exchange such surpluses as we can produce for the surpluses, and no longer for the necessities, of others. At home, we shall have so much to repair (after whatsoever fashion we may set about the task) as will make impossible for a long time the concession to anyone, or to any class, of any large superfluity over evident needs. Therewith we shall have great responsibilities to others worse off, materially, than ourselves, for laying firm foundations in Europe, in Asia and in Africa, for the war of civilisation against primary poverty and endemic social and physical disease. The Americans, we may hope, will stand with us in these great enterprises—if not, so much the heavier, but not the more avoidable, will be our own burdens.

There are strenuous days ahead of us, and, for facing them, we shall need more than material incentives to urge us on, even if we conceive our task as largely the winning at long last of man's victory over material penury. We shall need the stimulus of a great ideal and a united faith, which will make for us simplicity of living and of manners the symbolism of a changed attitude to life. The gadget-conquering phase of man's advancing knowledge will no longer avail us, for it reduces man's living to meanness and indolence. Our new science must attend to first things first, and we must keep as a precious possession for the future the fine, hard training that we shall have forced on us as a means to the initial victory.

To say this is to expose the inadequacy of our parties, and of any Government made for us in their image. How much would it profit us (a little, perhaps, but how much less than enough!) were a General Election to reverse the position of parties, and fill the Conservative benches with Labour men? The material results of such a reversal might have some point, but it is all too plain that out of it the needed spiritual impulses would not be born. Moreover, would Labour in political power impel us any more rapidly towards what is essential in Socialism than we are being impelled, by force of sheer necessity, and should be impelled, even if there were not a single Socialist to give the prevailing tendency a name?

In truth, the *machinery* of Socialism is no longer a matter of the party that professes Socialism being in power. The machinery of State control over the economic life of societies is forced upon the nations not only as a necessity of war, but as a derivative of the new age of concentrated technical power. The question is, not whether the State is to control, but how, and to what end. And, immeasurably superior as is the Socialist idea of the State planning for welfare as compared with the Nazi idea of the State organising all the forces of the nation for aggressive war, Socialism, as embodied in the political parties which profess to stand for it, has shown all too little capacity to rise to the needs of a situation which calls for qualities of creative heroism rather than merely for aspirations after social security. If Socialism is a creed capable of stirring the spirit of the people, *its* spirit will have to be made alive, not only in the hearts of those who have hitherto carried its political labels but equally among many who have hitherto repudiated its name.

We shall have, moreover, to dig down below the political policies of Socialism to the roots of the Socialist creed. There is nothing sacred about nationalisation, which is but the most obvious of a number of possible ways of defeating capitalist monopoly. There is nothing final about the political programmes in which Socialists have sought to embody their basic ideals of human brotherhood. The more gigantic the essential instruments of power become, the greater grows the danger that, in centralising their administration, we may be drawn to create a political machine too vast and complicated to be amenable to any real democratic control, and may thus become ourselves the victims of the very power-mania which we are organising ourselves to defeat. It is a clear lesson of recent history that democracy cannot be real unless it rests on small groups as its basic units—on groups small enough to be competently administered and led by men of normal statute and mental make-up.

This should make even Socialists wary by now of tearing up by the roots any small man's refuge that is left in a world so ridden as ours by hugeness. It should make them regard the farmer, the shopkeeper, the small manufacturer, not as obstacles in the way of universal centralisation, but as valuable checks upon a dangerous agglomerative tendency. Politically, this opens up the possibility of immense innovations. Nor does the need to recast our educational institutions to fit the needs of a hardier, more self-reliant and courageous generation of men suggest cleavages of opinion on altogether new lines, and cutting right across existing affiliations.

Given the fundamental resolve to rebuild our nation in the spirit in which we began fighting the war last spring, we may expect a crumbling of the parties, as soon as the indispensable questions about the means of reconstruction have to be asked—and somehow answered. Indeed, this crumbling began long ago, and is concealed only by the insistence of the immediate tasks of war, the unquestioned primacy of Churchill as national war leader, and the lack of situations which compel men and women to give visible form to their political notions. A General Election, if it could be held to-day, would doubtless greatly strengthen the Labour Party—but far less because the Labour Party has strengthened its hold upon the mind of the people than because the Conservative Party's hold has become deservedly very much weaker. No party has in reality grown stronger; for no party even begins to express the spirit which is needed either for victory in war or for refashioning the nation for the tasks to come.

This is a state of affairs lamentable to party managers, but requisite for the birth of a new national spirit. This spirit cannot, however, if democracy is to live in any shape recognisably continuous with its past, remain unembodied in any political movement. It must find for itself a body, either in a spiritual rebirth of old parties and movements, or in the upspringing of new ones in their place. The national unity of which more and more men are now speaking as necessary in the years that will follow the conclusion of the struggle in arms is possible only if it comes as the expression of a radically new attitude and arms itself with a radically new policy—socialist in its fundamental conceptions and immediate purposes, but not necessarily so in the sense in which Socialism has been narrowed down into the creed of a single party. These are dark hints, maybe; but who, groping about in the greyness, can picture plainly the glory of the rising sun?

G. D. H. COLE

TOWARDS THE CORPORATE STATE?

THE Chairman of the Association puts his proposal to the members. The Ministry of Supply, he says, is purchasing through the appropriate control a reserve of material. When the war ends, there is a danger that this material may be disposed of by public offer to interests outside the Association, thus undercutting the position of its members. To avoid this, the Control has agreed to give the Association first option on the reserve stock either at purchase or current price. The Control is willing to authorise forthwith an increase of 12½ per cent. on the current price of the material to be placed in a Sinking Fund for the purchase of any surplus reserve stock at the end of the war. All that remains is to obtain Treasury sanction for the proposal, which the members confirm with decisive applause.

A few words on the Chairman. He was before the war a leading member of one of the largest firms in the industry. Shortly after his appointment to the Ministry of Supply—oh, yes, he looks after the department of the Ministry of Supply which deals with his Asso-

ciation, which deals with his industry, which deals with his firm—he was elected Chairman of the Association. He draws no salary from the Association and none from the Ministry. He is a Dollar-a-Year man. Before war broke out he depended for his livelihood on his salary. He is an energetic, capable man who has transformed his industry from peacetime moribundity into wartime vigour and won the highest praise from industrialists and the Services. He represents the interests of the industrialists as Chairman of the Association; as a departmental chief of the Ministry of Supply he judges their petitions.

The Association asks the Ministry of Supply to give it what no working-class investor in National Savings would have the effrontery to ask or the cupidity to conceive; the Association asks the tax-payer (through the munitions-maker, who passes the charge on to the Government) to finance a Fund for its post-war security, which is guaranteed by a lien on the war-reserve materials purchased from public funds. Did someone say that this is no time for planning our post-war world, that we must get on with the job of winning the war? The Association has a plan. The business men, with the blessing of their Controllers (crossing themselves, so to speak) are determined that whatever or whoever else is killed, destroyed or submerged, the New Order of the monopoly business, incorporated with government, shall continue.

The proposal to appropriate an extra 12½ per cent. of public money has not been approved by the Treasury. In the words of the Chairman of the Association, the Treasury has "other methods of providing for depreciation." But all is not lost. A more modest proposal for an extra charge of 2½ per cent. is likely to be accepted by the Control, to be put in a voluntary Sinking Fund in which only subscribers will participate.

If the case which I have described is typical of the Control, it is clear that the present system of control is contrary to the national interest. It is a denial of the dictum that no man shall be judge of his own cause. It establishes a new public morality, the sanctions for which rest with the business men, whose standard is profit. It illustrates that private capitalism answerable to law and conditioned by free competition has been replaced by corporate capitalism, answerable only to its own laws and meeting competition by eliminating the competitor. Where no law exists, monopoly capitalism issues Orders. Capt. Lyttelton hastens the incorporation of industry by rubbing out businesses engaged in "non-essential" work. Note this. He does not do away with the industry; he merely sweeps the little men from the industry. They are encouraged in their immolation by glowing wartime rewards. Their managers, salesmen and clerks are for the present in the Army. The workers are, perhaps, transferred to war industries. And after the war? Are the managers, salesmen and clerks to join the dispossessed middle class who gave us Hitler after the last war? Are the workers to have the alternative of the industrial unions of the monopoly companies, at best, or unemployment?

The Labour Party and the Trade Unions support the present system of control because they assume that control means control of profiteering, of speculation, of inflation and of consumption. That, however, is only half the story. A free market may serve the interests of the community better than a closed market serving only a section of it. The best form of control or planning is one which serves the community as a whole. The community consists not only of business men; it consists of those who produce, those who trade, those who consume and those who govern. Control, therefore, should not be vested in business men whose definition of "good" is "good for business." Control of every industry should be and could be in the hands of a committee of four—a business man, a worker, a consumer and a Civil Servant. That is the difference between democratic control and authoritarian control. The defenders of Control-as-it-is will say that the committee method is too slow, that the absolute Controller can be more decisive, that his decisions can be more quickly applied. That is an evasion. Every Controller of industry acts in conjunction with an advisory committee, usually a series of advisory committees, representing the commercial interests of the industry. He continually receives representations from particular bodies exercising special functions in the industry. Major decisions are only made after consultation of this kind. The committee method of control exists already; the Controller is the announcer. The question is not whether a committee should exercise control, but who should constitute the committee.

Someone will say that the Trade Unions already consult with the employers' organisations, and that workers' representation on the Controls would not affect rates of pay. The object of worker representation on the Control goes beyond wages, which in any case are determined by other methods. Democratic control means that the producer (who is usually a consumer, too) shall have a say in *distribution* and *price* of the product. Workers' representation in the control of industry would end the argument that 100 per cent. E.P.T. means extravagance and waste. Effective control, i.e., by producers rather than profit-makers, would not deal with the extravagant and wasteful by giving them more profit; it would make their actions a crime, like looting. For stealing a few bars of soap from a bombed house, an A.F.S. man gets six months' imprisonment. For wasting the national resources it is proposed to increase the permissible profit of the wasters by 20 per cent.

Imperceptibly we are nearing the incorporation of industry with government. It can be an incorporation on Fascist lines; it can be an incorporation on Socialist lines; or in the twilight time it can be an incorporation with democratic control. There is no sign that the incorporation is a Socialist one, although it may be described as such to hoodwink the innocents. While there was a residue of free capitalist competition, the degree of control was conditioned by the example of the free industries. Now that all industry is to be controlled, we have our last chance to ask, "Is control to be authoritarian or democratic? Is concentration of industrial power to be in the hands of industrialists or representatives of the community?" The answers to these questions are the answers to the question, "What are we fighting for?"

MAURICE EDELMAN

MAINLY ABOUT MR. TWYEFFORT

MAN has always lived under the influence of colour. The spectacle of green island grass has soothed him. He has been exhilarated by strange longings at sight of the blue of the ocean, or of the summer sky. Regret mixed with happiness has moved him as the woods have grown red in autumn. He has known what it is to resent the grey land of the east wind. He has experienced fear in the impenetrable blackness of a moonless night. He has arisen happy in the morning if a golden sun shone from the sky. You can measure the influence of colour on his thoughts by the number of phrases in which he associates colour with emotion—blue funk, green with fright, red with fury, black despair, a yellow streak. For some reason that I cannot explain, the emotions with which he associates colour are usually unpleasant. He does not say "violet with enthusiasm" or "orange with devotion." He pictures his fellows as purple with indignation, but never as purple with kindliness. From this it might be inferred that men change their colour more noticeably under the influence of bad moods than of good.

Even if this is so, however, it does not follow that outside the narrow world of facial expression men associate colour mainly with evil. In fact, almost the exact opposite is the case. From childhood onwards, colour, scent and sound are among the great fields of human pleasure. The flowers alone, with their many colours, have probably contributed as much to widespread happiness as the arts. And at what an early age we begin to enjoy the colours of the jewels—sapphire and ruby and emerald! Nations express their dreams in colour, from the red of Russia to the orange and green of Ireland. Love fills the world with colour. A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass. Roses, cherries, violets, gold, and the swan, all lend their colours to the descriptive vocabulary of love.

Recognising the great influence of colour, I opened a new booklet on the subject with considerable curiosity. It is called *Complete Colour Prescription for Rebuilding Our Bodies*, and the author is Mr. Roland T. Hunt. I was a little disappointed at first, I confess, when I found that the booklet began with a chapter, not on the medicinal uses of colour, but on colour in commerce. "Colour," I read, "not only helps to produce eggs but helps to sell them! It has been found that white eggs sell more successfully in blue-lined containers, because blue imparts contrast to white, emphasising hygiene, coolness and purity, thereby giving the eggs greater eye-appeal. Similarly, brown eggs appear best in white-lined containers." This came as something of a shock to me, for I have a prejudice against white eggs and I think it immoral to give them eye-appeal. The only perfect hen's egg is, in my opinion, a brown egg, and housewives ought not to be tricked into buying white eggs by a specious background of blue. None the less, some interesting facts are revealed in these notes on colour in commerce. For instance: "A certain red pulls better than 50 per cent. of the total sales in the sixpenny toothbrush market. On a shilling toothbrush, red has practically no appeal, but amber has." Is this extraordinary difference due, I wonder to political prejudice, or does it mean simply that tastes in colour grow

milder as income increases? Probably the latter. Recall how popular magenta used to be among the Easter Monday crowds on Hampstead Heath!

The right use of colour, however, is advocated, not only for the purpose of pushing the sales of such things as white eggs and toothbrushes, but as part of a Safety First campaign. We are told, for example, that the number of mishaps in factories has been reduced by "a change of wall tints . . . through the mental attitude of the workers." It is even suggested that suicide can be discouraged in some instances by the avoidance of dismal colours. "London was shocked by an epidemic of suicides from Blackfriars Bridge during a succession of years prior to the war. Finally, as an experiment, the authorities painted the bridge a bright green, and the suicides were almost halved. Experts think the improvement was due not so much to the cheering properties of green as to the elimination of black. Traditionally black, in most parts of the world, is the shade of tragedy and death."

As for the general influence of colour on health, Mr. Hunt quotes some facts about a New York tailor who cures his customers by putting them into auspiciously coloured clothes. "Raymond Twyeffort," we are told, "is a modern pioneer who believes it is his destiny to save American industry by dressing its chief exponents in canary, yellow, green, vermilion and other hues of the spectrum. He regards his establishment in Rockefeller Centre, New York, as a sort of soul clinic where tired personalities are rejuvenated. Colour, he believes—and rightly—has a positive therapeutic value, and if used freely enough can cure dyspepsia as well as feelings of inferiority and discouragement." To wear red, he maintains, "makes a man strong and dynamic—its courage seeps into his skin." Yellow makes him gay and free from care; orange makes him assertive (like an Ulsterman); green produces stability, and blue is soothing.

Mr. Twyeffort has proved the truth of his theories from his own experience. As a youth he suffered from stomach trouble, and "developed a hatred of automobiles, locomotives and paved streets." All this time his clothes were quite ordinary clothes, like yours and mine. "Then one day he happened to put on a scarlet hunting coat, and he felt so exhilarated that he began wearing vibrant ties, waistcoats and pyjamas. Before he knew it he had found peace, and one night the explanation came to him—colour had saved him. His stomach troubles, his fear of automobiles, all had vanished." I confess, when I read this, I had a melancholy feeling that through a longish life I had been wasting my opportunities. In my teens I certainly wore a few vibrant ties, but even in my twenties I had begun to dress chiefly for inconspicuousness, mainly in soothing—too soothing—blue, without the stimulus even of a canary-coloured waistcoat. A vibrant suit of pyjamas might alone have made all the difference. Is it too late to change? Mr. Twyeffort says no.

If you are sceptical—and I admit I began as a sceptic myself—read the story of how he rejuvenated a man of 84 by changing the colour of his clothes. "The case of one 84-year-old customer is typical. This man's rejuvenation began four years ago, when Twyeffort noticed he was a colourful type for his age. He built the customer a 'charming suit,' of midnight blue, later one, 'more adventurous,' of sea-foam green, and finally an orange dinner jacket to be worn with a yellow vest and scarlet cummerbund. The customer felt so good that he bought an 18-cylinder Cadillac and insisted on driving it himself." When I read this I could not help wishing that Mr. Twyeffort would open a branch in London and that all my friends would go to him for their clothes. Whatever you say, dress like that must make a difference. Thomas Hardy himself would hardly have gone on writing pessimistic poetry if he had sat down to table every evening wearing an orange dinner-jacket, a yellow waistcoat and a scarlet cummerbund. I have never known a pessimist who dressed in vibrant colours. Pessimists instinctively affect the shades of the sparrow rather than of the kingfisher in their clothes.

It may be that a quota of pessimists is necessary to literature, but the same thing is not true of business. There is no room for pessimism in business, yet nearly all business men, like nearly all lawyers, dress like pessimists. They bring a black-out atmosphere into the streets even at midday. This is a serious matter now that we know the relation that exists between colour and efficiency. It will be a bad day for England if she is driven from the world's markets simply because her business men lag behind those of America in dressing themselves in vibrant colours. And this is a very present danger, for American leaders of industry are already awake to the importance of the new knowledge. Among those who have already benefited from "colour progress" are "such figures as Eugene Grace, President of Bethlehem Steel, and of the Grace Shipbuilding Corporation, Ephraim Fellows, Morgan, Harry du Pont, Bruce Barton, and many others of the country's most vibrant citizens."

One convincing proof of the influence of colour is the superior vitality of women. I once heard a man explaining this superior vitality by saying, as he raised a glass to his lips: "Every woman is born at par. Every man is born two double whiskies and soda below par." But I do not think that is the real explanation of the cause of the difference between the sexes. The true explanation is that in modern civilised countries women dress in more vibrant colours than men. If men went to their offices in scarlet plus-fours and emerald-green waistcoats they would not need to drink whisky in order to achieve vital sex equality.

Complete Colour Prescription, indeed, might be described as a variation on the popular theme, "Let us be gay." Mr. Hunt wants no more greyness in our cities. "Greyness is the keynote of our lives, and is it not a strange coincidence that this is the colour of fear?" As for our homes, they should be rich in colour inside as well as outside. "Instead of haphazard or fanciful choice of colour decoration—colour fancies which might easily be keyed to a complex we were holding at the time—we are provided with the one scientific basis for treatment of the entire home, each room being planned upon the needs shown in the occupant's auric expression, and all decoration keyed to the analysis of each member of the family." Undoubtedly the world is just now in need of something or other. May it not be the rainbow liveliness so persuasively advocated by Mr. Hunt? Let us dress like huntsmen, and we may even become pink in our politics; after which nothing will remain but to trot cheerfully towards Utopia. Y. Y.

THE ATHENÆUM

THE helmeted profile of the grey-eyed goddess on the front page of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION declares that in this journal *The Athenæum* survives, as a tributary persists after joining a larger stream. It is therefore with as it were filial interest that I have been reading *The Athenæum: A Mirror of Victorian Culture*, by Leslie A. Marchand (University of North Carolina Press, $3.50). Unfortunately, this scholarly and discriminating work has not been published in this country, but University libraries should obtain copies, since it forms a valuable contribution to the history of Taste. *The Athenæum* was founded in 1828 by a journalistic adventurer called James Silk Buckingham—an unpromising start, though it published a series of articles by Stendhal during its first few months; it then came under the control of F. D. Maurice and John Sterling, who made it the organ of the Cambridge Apostles; and two years later Charles Wentworth Dilke, the grandfather of the politician, became its owner and editor. It was then successively edited by T. K. Hervey (1846-1853), W. H. Dixon (1853-1869), Norman MacColl (1869-1901), Vernon Rendall (1901-1916), Arthur Greenwood (1916-1919) and J. Middleton Murry (1920-1921). Its last year under Mr. Murry's editorship was in many respects its most brilliant. The journal rapidly won the respect of the intellectuals and the concomitant dislike of the vulgar; Bulwer Lytton in *Paul Clifford* (1830) refers to "*The Asinæum*, which was written to prove that whatever is popular is necessarily bad." And, as literary editor, I should like to believe that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, in its dealings with literature and the other arts, still maintained the standard set by Maurice and Sterling, and preserved by Dilke and most of his successors. But I am put to shame by the amount of space that *The Athenæum* used to devote to foreign books. In one number, for instance (August 31, 1833), the nine leading reviews were given to three German, two Italian, one French, one American and three English works. This enviably civilised conduct was, however, qualified by the Victorian prudery that prevailed in this country before Victoria ascended the throne. "*The Athenæum* never quoted anything from foreign literature which the young girl might not read," and a series of articles commissioned from Heine was never published because of the author's sarcasm about religion.

The Athenæum first won its enormous prestige by a long, vehement campaign against puffery—an abuse which Mr. Marchant describes very vividly. He quotes from Mr. A. S. Collins's *The Profession of Letters*: "The most go-ahead of publishers was Colburn. He was a prophet of the modern spirit, and his advertisements were at once the scandal and the admiration of the literary world." Colburn lowered the whole standard of publishing by his skill in pandering to and further debasing the taste of the public, as well as by his "go-ahead" salesmanship. He not only controlled a weekly and a monthly, in

which most of the reviews were devoted to puffing his publications, but managed, either by payment or pressure, to insert paragraphs boosting his books into a number of the most widely read journals. Against these practices *The Athenæum* protested with a vigour that nowadays the inequitable libel laws would make impossible. *Fraser's Magazine* joined in the attack; and by 1840 the worst excesses of puffing had been, if not abolished, at least so widely exposed as to have lost much of their power. During this campaign Dilke set in his own journal a very high standard; he refused to go into any society where he might meet authors; nobody was allowed to review a book by anyone he knew; and the works of regular contributors were often singled out for particular abuse. The shameless libertinage of the puffers doubtless made this asceticism necessary; but it is fair to remember, when a critic writes appreciatively about books by his friends, that it may be not his friendship that is responsible for the admiration, but his admiration that is responsible for the friendship. Writers naturally frequent those whose minds they find most congenial. Puffing remains an endemic disease, and in some newspapers there has been an obvious relation between the space taken by a publisher for his advertisements and the space given in reviews to his books. But, in signed reviews, it soon becomes apparent if their authors allow personal affection or dislike to destroy their judgment.

The other cardinal vice of reviewing in the Eighteen-Thirties was the political partisanship that prevailed without disguise, for instance, in *The Quarterly, Blackwood's* and *The Edinburgh Review*. Here again *The Athenæum* set a standard. It deliberately appealed to the more serious-minded members of the rapidly growing *bourgeoisie*—thus attaining a circulation of some 17,000—and shared the general outlook of this class. But the uniform cordiality it showed to John Stuart Mill did not make it hostile to the elderly Wordsworth, to Carlisle or to Ruskin. It did much to build the posthumous reputations of Keats and Shelley. But inevitably the Victorian enthusiasm for "improvement" (both moral and material) was always deflecting the judgment of the *Athenæum* critics. The poet, as Mr. Marchand points out, was called upon to become "the prophet of 'progress,' on every plane because his mind has contact with eternal truth."

> This was the highest function of all literature, to find in the deep well of creative imagination, which was fed from the purest sources of nature, the water of life for a spiritual-social regeneration, the belief in which was a common denominator of the Victorian mind.

Consequently, "rhetorical bombast," such as Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, was preferred to "mere" lyrical poetry like Tennyson's early volumes. The modern reviewer may profitably ask himself whether he falls, half-unconsciously, into similar mistakes. Does he condemn a book for not being what it does not attempt to be? Does he despise a work of art for not subserving a social purpose?

The Athenæum devoted a far larger proportion of its space than this journal now does to reconsidering the literature and art of the past—partly because a larger proportion of current books dealt with such subjects. I am not sure that old books are less read to-day than they were then—the increase in the reading public may counterbalance the increased tendency to read only contemporary books. But certainly most readers devote a much smaller part of their reading to old books, and, except among professionals, such as dons, a "well-read man," in the Victorian sense, is becoming a rarity. The effect upon criticism is, I think, deplorable. New biographies are not compared with previous studies of the same subject; new novels and poems are considered without reference to the masterpieces concerned with similar æsthetic problems—which is just as foolish as condemning modern works for not using the same technique as their predecessors. It is true that in 19th century England the ground gained in the 18th century was abandoned to a surprising extent: the intolerances and pruderies that had been demolished—once for all, one might have thought—by Hume and his followers, had to be refought by a Huxley, a Pater and a Samuel Butler. But Victorian Philistinism did at least pretend to a respect for the immortal dead, whereas modern Philistinism treats the earth as a newly discovered territory, with a good faith based upon a jaunty and unfathomable ignorance.

I should like to place a word upon one conspicuous difference between *The Athenæum* and its modern successor—all the contributions were unsigned. (This, by the way, enabled W. H. Dixon, who edited the paper, much to its disadvantage, from 1853 to 1869, to write in it reviews of half a dozen of his own books!) The advantages of anonymity have often been proclaimed: what *The Athenæum* says, if that paper has acquired great prestige, carries more weight than what just "Mr. Dixon" says; the victim of a review cannot revenge himself upon his executioner; the individual contributor is restrained from parading his personality. I believe the disadvantages to be, if less evident, more serious. First, anonymity can rarely be absolute; if gossip does not reveal the author, style will—and for a writer to water his style down to an impersonal colourlessness results in dull reading. Secondly, the reader comes to know which reviewers have tastes that chime with his own; I judge whether I want to read a book (though not necessarily whether I shall like it) largely by the signature of the reviewer. Thirdly, anonymity facilitates reviewing based upon personal feelings. Fourthly, the vanity of authors, which is hardly less than that of actors, persuades them to take more trouble, when they sign their work. Lastly, reviewing is an ill-paid, not to say sweated, industry, and the young reviewer should be given the opportunity to gain not only a few guineas but a reputation.

It amuses me to believe that a hundred years hence some American, no less scholarly than Mr. Marchand, will write a similar history of the literary part of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. He will, no doubt, justly condemn certain habits of mind, resulting so directly from our social and intellectual climate that we take them for granted. He will probably dismiss much of the verse we publish as no less merely fashionable than the poems a hundred years ago by L. E. L. and Elizabeth Barrett. He may consider that wit was too often used as a substitute for learning, and that political convictions sometimes produced unfairness (though very rarely, I hope, in the reviews of non-political books). He may complain that the current literature of foreign countries other than France and the United States received little attention, or he may excuse the fact by declaring that little such literature had permanent value. He will be surprised by the large amount of space given to novels and detective-stories; he will probably be dismayed by the small amount given to natural science; or—who knows?—he may reserve his most severe comments for the little account taken in these columns of contemporary theology. But he will, I hope, be able, like Mr. Marchand, to declare that most of the best writers of the age were contributors; to praise the journal for its refusal to correlate reviews with advertisements; to acquit it of Philistinism or pandering to the popular taste; to show that it was quick in discriminating, and generous in praising, new or unrecognised talent; and to call it, no less than the old *Athenæum*, a mirror of contemporary culture.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

COCK AND DOODLE

HAVE you heard of the Cock and the Doodle,
That very harmonious pair?
Mr. Cock is as gay as a poodle,
Mrs. Doodle as sad as a bear.

But this isn't the sole explanation
Of their mutual love and respect;
It is simply: each one's conversation
Is allowed to continue unchecked.

When the Doodle and Cock go a-walking,
Mrs. Doodle has one little wish:
And that is to do all the talking—
(Mr. Cock is as silent as fish).

But when, this soliloquy ended,
Mrs. Doodle is hoarse as a crow,
Mr. Cock, with his neck well extended,
Takes over, and lets himself go!

Then he shouts "Hip Hooray! Sursum Corda!
Cock-a-hoop, jubilate and rejoice!—
Mrs. Doodle may be quite in order,
But it's I, Mr. Cock, have the *Voice!*

"Hallelujah! Hosannah and RIOT!!
Praise the *lord* and let *his* kingdom come!!!"
And so, while the Doodle is quiet,
He bellows until he is dumb.

* * *

This agreeable tale has a moral
And that I will add to my rhyme:
Two affectionate friends cannot quarrel
If they'll only speak one at a time.

OTTO WATTEAU

THE MOVIES

"Kipps," at the Gaumont
"The Lady Eve," at the Plaza

IT would be an amusing game—more pointed, perhaps, than the usual Six for a Desert Island—to draw up lists of the English novels that would make the best and the worst films. Among the worst, I should put nearly all novels written before 1890, especially works of genius, and many written since; *Rasselas*, *Water Babies*, *Pickwick*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Egoist*, and *Clarissa Harlowe* are especially books I hope never to see on a screen, even in technicolour. One could go on adding to the list indefinitely (*Howard's End*, *Ulysses*); those that weren't ruled out by the lure of period, or impossibility of sentiment or style, would be found to lack the visual focus and hinting dialogue a film needs. It is more difficult to think of the best. Among period pieces, *Moll Flanders*—given the right director!—might stand a better chance than some; and Hardy and Kipling would come off better than Conrad or Meredith. My own choice would be more light-weight. Waugh and Wodehouse and Wells, something by Pritchett, one of Freeman Wills Crofts' grimly technical mysteries, and a Ronald Firbank (*Prancing Nigger*, for choice) would do as a start. Wells, of course, has been done already—not very skilfully. *Kipps*, a story of social adventure in 1900, turns out to be a very charming film indeed.

Period and class distinctions are the two main stumbling blocks of English films and both here become assets. The film starts with the leaves of a photograph album turning over; our eye pauses over a snapshot of a village street—how queer the people look!—and then the picture is brought close and the figures begin to move. One doesn't forget that photograph as the film goes on, but past humours and fashions merge in the comedy of social adventure. The German band on the front, bicycles and mild oaths, boaters and cylinder collars, the changing tableaux in a draper's window, long hours of work and living in, or keeping up one's position in poky gentility, manners on a sliding scale from the stiff to the free-and-easy-o, the presence always on some unseen eminence of the Aristocrat—these perhaps, which provide the moral as well as the atmosphere of the tale, are what one remembers most gratefully. To take a detail: the dresses designed by Cecil Beaton are a joy to the eye. Give Mr. Beaton an afternoon on the river or an Anagram Tea, and he will add an elegance to the scene which touches as well as makes us smile. Ann, the little skivvy handing round cakes, is put into the prettiest uniform imaginable. This sort of detail, however excellent, needs to remain unobtrusive; and the director, Carol Reed, has measured exactly how far curiosity can be drawn to the way the characters look. Kipps (Mr. Redgrave's features, helped by a little moustache, fall remarkably well into period) is always in the foreground, and he makes a figure as appealing in his search for self-improvement as Mr. Deeds on the way to Washington. We see him sitting up in the drapers' dormitory, an eager apprentice to Life; going up-hill with wood-carving and down with the bottle of old Methuselah; sacked, inheriting, courting, studying etiquette, borne on the wings of culture, divided in love, choosing right but still shackled by his thousands, let down, raised half-way finally to the bliss of inconspicuous comfort. Very little of the high spirits and tender satire of the original has been lost: Wells' dialogue shines unaltered with delightful freshness. If one misses anything from a film so modestly and admirably achieved it is Kipps's flight to London and his discovery of metropolitan splendours. However, that is a small point. The acting is about as good as it could be. Not only Mr. Redgrave, but the rest of a cast including Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Arthur Riscoe and Lloyd Pearson do splendidly.

Preston Sturges, who has written and directed *The Lady Eve*, is apparently called in Hollywood the "streamlined Lubitsch." This needn't put you off, because if he goes on producing films as lively as this one he will one day come to be known as Preston Sturges. *The Lady Eve* is a farce about card-sharpers and a scientist (Henry Fonda), dumb, rich and fresh from expeditions on the Amazon. He is always tripping over, and the leg that trips is Barbara Stanwyck's. Most of the action takes place on a liner and "in the heart of the contract-bridge country." It is drastically funny.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 17th—
Circle of International Art Song Recital, 151 Finchley Road, N.W.3, 3.

SUNDAY, May 18th—
A. Yusif-Ali: "Ethics and Totalitarianism," Conway Hall, 11.
Mahler Memorial Concert, Wigmore Hall, 3.
"La Serva Padrona": Austrian Centre, 124 Westbourne Terrace, W.2, 7.30.

MONDAY, May 19th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, Sir John Maynard: "India Now," 12 Great Newport Street, W.C.2, 1.

THURSDAY, May 22nd—
Fabian Lunch, J. J. Mallon: "The B.B.C. in Wartime," Royal Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, 1. Tickets 3s.
C. E. M. Joad: "Some Problems of Ethical Philosophy," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
Mozart and Brahms Sonata Recital, Church of St. George, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, 6.30.

FRIDAY, May 23rd—
Wenzel Jaksch: "Potential Revolutionary Forces in Europe," Federal Union, 44 Gordon Square, W.C.1, 7.30. Tickets, 1s.

Correspondence

THE ISSUE OF INDIA

SIR,—Much ink has begun to flow in deprecating and deploring the communal tension in India that blocks its way to Dominion Status—but communal tension there owes its origin to the introduction of communal electorates for which Lord Morley, as Indian Secretary, held Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India (1906), directly responsible. In any case, communal conflict was as high in 1917 as it is to-day, and yet the Imperial War Conference resolved to raise India to a self-governing Dominion alongside of those seven colonies whose names are included in the Statute of Westminster (9th Resolution Imperial War Conference, dated April 16th, 1917, approved by Parliament). That resolution emphasised that India was to be an important part of the British Commonwealth. England has failed to honour this pledge up to date, though Mr. Winston Churchill, when examined by the Joint Parliamentary Committee, admitted that India had an unanswerable case for Dominion Status and promised his support therefor.

Despite these facts, both the Acts of 1919 and 1935 were passed, and neither transferred a vestige of authority from Whitehall to India. We are now again promised Dominion Status on a Constitution drawn up by India, but this is a forlorn hope, and those who say so know it. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru has suggested the Indianisation of the Central Executive. In doing so he goes back to one of the recommendations of the Simon Commission. But Mr. Amery is not prepared to accept, unless it is backed up by a Centre Party to whom Sir Tej is to address his proposal. But we had a Centre Party in India to give effect to the decision of 1917, and it would have been the ruling party had not the Act of 1919 wrecked it. And there is no hope of reviving it, because we have no plank to attract the masses and there is no time for it.

The hour for action has struck and India has once more emerged as a lucrative prize in the international game of exploitation. Will not England now seize the moment not only to redeem her own pledge as to touch the soul of the people, the bulk of whom are thoroughly loyal and would turn the tide of war by their full measure of support, but so long as India remains a skeleton in the Imperial cupboard her support would be guided by the policy that it is unwise to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

H. S. GOUR

8 Royal Avenue, S.W.3.

SIR,—I do not challenge Mr. Alexander's knowledge of Jawaharlal Nehru, and he is welcome to think me unaware of difficulties he rightly feels are great. But his description of Sapru is grotesquely unlike the man, and Nehru would tell him so. Mr. Alexander's letter, whichever way you read it, holds no settlement but only exacerbation ending in triangular civil war, between Congress, Muslim League and Government. Is British opinion now ready to accept so desperate a conclusion?

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

SIR,—Those who are striving to find some means of relieving the political tension in India would welcome any assistance that Mr. Edward Thompson could give in unravelling the knots, but understanding will not be helped by misrepresentation. It is not true that Jawaharlal Nehru in prison "is allowed to write no letters." In addition to various special facilities, denied to the ordinary prisoner, he is permitted both to write and receive letters.

If it be true that "Nehru went to prison for four years on a bogus issue, that of pacificism," the choice of such an issue was wholly his own. Nehru has never been a pacifist. In his speech, which Mr. Thompson wishes you to reprint, he himself affirmed, "There are very few persons in India . . . who have for years past so consistently raised their voices against Fascism and Nazism as I have done. My whole nature rebelled against them." The issue was not that of pacificism. Nehru was found guilty of prejudicing recruiting, exciting disaffection and influencing the conduct of the public in a manner prejudicial to the defence of India and the prosecution of the war. The fervent apostle of "independence," he chose a course that, on his own showing, would lead directly to the extinction of every vestige of self-government.

Mr. Thompson affirms that we were not allowed to read Nehru's speech at his trial. He cannot be aware that that speech has been widely circulated by the Congress organisation in this country, which is as efficient in its propaganda here and in America as our own Ministry of Information is contemptible.

ALFRED H. WATSON

29 Malvern Court, S.W.7.

FULL CIRCLE

SIR,—Unfortunately I have not space to gather into my controversial net all the fish that have risen; but I can afford to pay out a little line to play them. Mr. Ginner charges me with ignoring the ethical compulsion behind Marxist teaching. Ethical sentiments in Marxist meetings which often have the true revivalist flavour, yes; ethical compulsion behind Marxist teaching, no. How could there be if the teaching is to be consistent? If ethical concepts are only a reflection of class interests, it is difficult to see how they could survive the abolition of classes. It is no accident, therefore, that Marxists should have little to say about the ethical characteristics of the classless State. Social injustice is to be a thing of the past—so much is agreed, but what else? It is difficult to say. It is this difficulty which prompts my suspicion that the ethical values of the Communist differ surprisingly little from those of the bourgeois. Like his, they are centred upon the goods of the body—the possession of more and better material objects; the ability to alter more rapidly the position of one's body in space; plenty to eat and drink; plenty of time—to do what in?—these things make up the conception of the good life for the average bourgeois. What evidence is there to show that they do not make it up for the average Communist—always, of course, provided that they are differently distributed? Or where is there in Communist literature, as there certainly was in the writings of men like Keir Hardie and William Morris, any indication that in the Socialist State men will live a different kind of life, inspired by different ideals, filled with different desires, owning allegiance to different values?

Mr. Robertson observes that the Christian Church has tortured. Of course it has. It has probably done more torturing than any other organised institution. But I was writing not of the Church,

but of the code of ethics prescribed by Christ, and Mr. Robertson, as a good Rationalist, should know that Christian ethics are not the prerogative of priests and parsons, but constitute the standard for humane and compassionate men all the world over, for the Rationalists Voltaire and Shelley, no less for the Christians St. Francis and Father Damien. What is the moral? Not, as he seems to suggest, that Christian ethics play no part in men's moral development, but merely that there is a prodigious time lag before their effect becomes apparent—a point which, if Mr. Robertson will forgive me for drawing his attention to the article he is criticising, I was concerned to make at some length. I should like to remind him how moderate was my claim. I contented myself with the suggestion that it might not be *wholly* an accident that just when Christian principles were at last beginning to have some effect in modifying the more regrettable of human practices (the abolition of torture, duelling, witchcraft trials and so on), these practices were suddenly found to recrudesce in precisely those countries which have denounced Christian teaching and persecuted Christian teachers. Moreover, prodigious in Europe, the time lag between Christian precept and human practice seems to be curiously diminished elsewhere. Is it, for example, quite clear to Mr. Robertson that in Africa and Asia the abolition or diminution of the practice of human sacrifice and suttee have not been due, at least in part, to the influence and teaching of the Christian missions?

Finally, in view of my declared conviction that love without power is of little avail, I cannot resist the temptation of asking Mr. Robertson why he should go out of his way to score a dialectical point by quoting Undershaft at me on the assumption that I am a simple-minded idealist who believes in the efficacy of moral exhortation *tout court*. Of course, I agree that power is necessary to give effect to ideals; I merely added the suggestion that ideals may not be without their efficacy as an instrument for securing power. C. E. M. JOAD

SIR,—Professor Joad's remarks about the two kinds of Socialism, the one materialistic and pseudo-scientific, the other idealistic and basically ethical, are very timely. First may I say that Mr. Strachey's blush-provoking remarks about "truth" and "love" were made not to the whole-hog Communist "Labour Club" at Oxford, but to the "Democratic-Socialist Club," which is tied to Transport House apron strings?

Looking at my shelf-full of red-backed Left Book Club choices covering the past four years it occurred to me that I should never want to read most of them again; mostly they are ephemeral, books of the moment, plugging the "Popular Front" line or the "Capitalism-is-doomed" line. But there was one book I found I could read again, and read with profit. It was George Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier*, published as long ago as 1937. On page 246 he writes: "We have got to admit that if Fascism is everywhere advancing, this is largely the fault of Socialists themselves. Partly it is due to the mistaken Communist tactic of sabotaging democracy, i.e., sawing off the branch you are sitting on; but still more to the fact that Socialists have, so to speak, presented their case wrongside foremost. They have never made it sufficiently clear that the essential aims of Socialism are justice and liberty. With their eyes glued to economic facts, they have proceeded on the assumption that man has no soul, and, explicitly or implicitly, they have set up the goal of a materialistic Utopia. As a result, Fascism has been able to play upon every instinct that revolts against hedonism and a cheap conception of 'progress'."

As I see it, this is precisely what Professor Joad is saying; there is among Left-wing intellectuals a growing realisation that George Orwell's criticism is justified, and this trend away from materialistic Socialism can be seen in the most recent books by Peter Drucker, Leonard Woolf, Lewis Mumford, John Strachey and pamphleteers too numerous to mention. DAVID S. HOPKINS

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.

THE FIRE BRIGADE CODE

SIR,—The London County Council is proposing to introduce a Discipline Code for London Auxiliary Firemen. The Fire Brigades Union, representing the majority of firemen, wishes to voice the bitter opposition to the terms of this code which firemen have shown at the recent mass rally at Conway Hall. Three weeks ago, when the L.C.C. Civil Defence Committee placed it on the Agenda for acceptance by the Council, the Fire Brigades Union objected strongly, and it was temporarily withdrawn.

The present punishment list is largely unwritten. Our members know and value discipline, for often their lives depend on it. They would welcome a just discipline code. But we do not consider the L.C.C. code to be just. One of the punishments allows for £6 10s. in three months to be deducted from a fireman's wages. Now as an Auxiliary earns only £3 10s. a week this can only visit the fireman's sins on his wife and children. The Fire Brigades Union has suggested an alternative. We wish to see firemen paid long service and good conduct pay, which could be stopped in the event of misconduct.

The proposed code is based on the peace time Police Force code. It is going to operate in blitz-time. But the fact that London firemen work an average week of 112 hours during the blitz has not stopped the provision for extra hours as punishment. Such punishments must have a bad effect on a man's fire-fighting efficiency. It would be better for a system of fatigues to be worked *inside* the present duty hours.

We are sorry to see that the L.C.C. proposes to abandon the provision in the Home Office model code for appeal to an independent tribunal, and to allow the Chief Officer to be both judge and jury.

We feel that the country should be prepared to pay back its debt to the firemen who have helped to preserve life and property by supporting them in the Fire Brigades Union's Campaign for a just and moderate code in London.

JOHN HORNER,
General Secretary.

Fire Brigades Union,
Bouverie House,
Fleet Street.

FRIENDLY ALIENS

SIR,—Whenever the contributors to certain Sunday papers run short of matter, there is always a safe subject: the alleged pampering of the interned "enemy aliens." A safe subject—for neither is it risky to attack prisoners who are not in a position to reply to calumnies, nor do the papers run a column of letters to the editor wherein a case could be stated. And, finally, it is well known that most of the internees are Jews—human flotsam whom it is perfectly safe to calumniate.

However, everything hitherto achieved is surpassed by another outburst of ferocity, this time from the pen of Mr. Beverley Nichols in last week's *Sunday Chronicle*.

As a very belated gesture of humanity the Government have at last installed a "mixed" camp for married couples. Anyone who, like myself, has witnessed the intense suffering caused to the refugees by their separation from their families for, in many cases, almost a year; who has seen strong men break down under the loss of the last possessions which they had saved from Hitler's persecution—their loved ones—can appreciate the ray of sunshine brought into dark and hopeless lives. Who dares to disapprove of an act in accordance with the most elementary dictates of humanity?

Mr. Nichols does. After the usual untruthful descriptions of life on the Isle of Man under the suggestive title, "The Coddled Aliens," he demands the immediate dissolution of the married camp. He knows that all, yes *all*, the internees are actual or at least suspected Nazi agents. He is scandalised that men are allowed, as he tastefully expresses it, to "make love" to their wives. Are not British soldiers, too, separated from their wives, he asks? No, all these "aliens" (he has never, it seems, heard of Jews and refugees) must be severely treated and, in order to cure them of their attachment to Hitler, subjected to a "stream of propaganda."

Of course, we refugees acquired that attachment in Dachau and Buchenwald, in Oranienburg and the Kolumbia-Haus. Many of us carry lasting souvenirs of this. They were acquired at a time when Mr. Nichols and his kind still enthused over Continental dictators.

I cannot refrain from closing this letter with a quotation from Lafitte's admirable work on *The Internment of Aliens*. Mr. Nichols is described as one of the main instigators of the anti-refugee and anti-Jewish "hetze" to "intern the lot," and Mr. Lafitte characterises him thus (p. 172):

"It is disgraceful that this ex-Bright-Young-Thing, ex-flower-fan, ex-Pacifist, ex-Buchmanite, ex-supporter of Mosley, ex-pro-Nazi, should not feel a sufficient sense of shame to refrain (*a*) from telling us that the 'Quisling weapon' is wielded by 'aliens,' when the whole point about Quisling and his friends is that they are *natives* of their country and not 'aliens' at all; (*b*) from finding a cheap and easy way to stifle his own uneasy conscience by blood-and-thunder outbursts against refugees who cannot answer back."

Well, Mr. Nichols does not seem to have taken this to heart. But one refugee at least answers back. HARRY C. SCHNUR

WAGES POLICY

SIR,—Is it fair, or just, that a boy of 16 can earn £6 or £7 per week at making munitions, when a War Reserve policeman cannot earn more than about £3 10s., however hard he works, however long his hours, or dangerous his post?

Many of these men are married men, and fathers, having lost or given up jobs which earned them a great deal more money.

Even in the A.F.S. there is promotion, and a certain sliding scale of pay, but in this War Reserve Police Force there is *no* promotion, no overtime pay, and although the men do not require incentive other than the national one of war effort and patriotism, it strikes me, a casual observer, as a very unfair arrangement, and one which should be considered by men in high office, and able to deal justly by such obviously valiant and loyal protectors of our realm.

They risk their lives day and night just as surely as firemen, soldiers, sailors, or airmen—and are the worst paid and least considered of them all. *Why?* L. ACRES

SUNDAY THEATRES

SIR,—The letter published in your recent issue from the pen of Mr. Basil Burton displays a complete lack of knowledge on the Parliamentary controversy on this subject.

Not one M.P. who spoke in the debate gave any indication that he had received any letters or post-cards from any organised body representing the Brewers or Licensed Victuallers, nor was there the least vestige of evidence that any of the letters received by M.P.s were prompted by such organisations. Neither was there a single word spoken in the debate to indicate that the interests of the drink trade were in jeopardy.

This Alliance was in the forefront of the opposition from the beginning, long before the war. We organised a deputation to the Home Office and when the Order in Council was announced we set to work to mobilise the Christian conscience of the nation. We pay tribute to thorough organised effort on the part of the Theatre interests. They used all their powers. We proudly proclaim that we used all ours. This Alliance is a representative body of Christian Churches, religious and social welfare organisations. We believe—to use the Prime Minister's own words—that "Sunday is a Divine and priceless institution, the birthright of every British citizen." We have worked with and for the actors, as with many others, to protect their Sundays as a day of rest and freedom with opportunity, such as no other day gives, for family life and corporate worship. We fight against Sunday cinemas and Sunday trading whether in shops or licensed premises. We want to see established in England that which is operative in Scotland, Wales, Ireland and all the Dominions—the Sunday closing of public houses.

We welcome the co-operation of all who will join us to save Britain's Christian Sunday.

REGINALD T. CODD,
General Secretary.

Imperial Alliance for the Defence of Sunday,
12 Caxton Street, S.W.1.

THE FOOD SITUATION

SIR,—In an article in your last issue of your paper, regarding the food situation of Great Britain, it was stated that the food situation in this country is about the same as it was in Germany in 1916. I happened to live in Germany during this period, in a large North German town. The food situation was the worst thing which I have ever experienced, and only people who did not live in Germany during this time could ever make such an absurd statement. In Germany there was a real famine, and in spite of the fact that my parents (I was at this time a boy of 14 years) were rather well off, I remember that I was hungry day and night and all my thoughts were concentrated on food.

The bread was black, unappetising, and was mixed with potato-flour and swedes. Milk was very scarce, and even babies could only get skimmed

milk. Eggs were unobtainable, the butter ration was 1 oz. per week, meat ½ lb. per week, but this included bacon, sausages, poultry, game, and meals in restaurants. Everything else was rationed, i.e. semolina, rice, pearl-barley, potato-flour, flour, cornflour, custard-powder, etc. The jam ration was a mixture of 25 per cent. fruit, 75 per cent. swedes and saccharine. I shall never forget the taste of this awful mixture. Perhaps twice a week, after queuing for an awfully long time, my mother would be able to buy two potatoes for each of us. All luxuries such as cakes, biscuits, not to speak of coffee, tea, chocolate, etc., we had not seen for several months. We had swedes for dinner, swedes for tea and swedes for supper. People made tea from blackcurrant leaves, men smoked dried rose leaves in their pipes.

If I compare the conditions in this country to those of Germany in 1916 I can assure you that we are now living in a paradise. I have met no one who pretends to be hungry due to the rationing.

If you compare our present food situation with that of Germany during 1938, you would not be so far off the mark as you were in your statement. In Germany at this time one could not buy the nice white bread as we in England now enjoy.

Ashted, Surrey. R. G. STEVEN

[Our correspondent has totally misunderstood Mr. Calder's remark. He was not suggesting that England is to-day suffering as Germany did in 1916, which would be obviously absurd, but that an appreciation of Britain's situation to-day suggests that our food resources are comparable with those of Germany in 1916. Germany then made the mistake of maintaining a fat stock policy instead of changing to the manifestly right policy of concentrating on dairy, ploughing and vegetable economy. Mr. Calder's comparison was based on the calculations of responsible experts; it was comforting in its suggestion that even if the bad policy of Germany in the last war were maintained in this country, even then we should still last for two years; in fact, we assume that the lesson has been learnt. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE SASSOON DYNASTY

SIR,—In your review of my trifle on the Sassoon Dynasty (to which you were good enough to devote attention which you have never given to any of my serious work: this is, I think, the answer to your strictures) you say that I am positively Jingo in my Jewishness, and that no nation can enjoy carrying in its midst a foreign body that refuses to be absorbed. Does this imply that no person professing Judaism should settle in this country unless he is prepared to become converted to the Anglican Church? It is good Nazi doctrine, but hardly what one anticipates from THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. I am a Jew, not only because I am of Jewish birth, but because I am convinced that Judaism still has something to offer the world, and as a natural consequence I deplore everything that tends to weaken Judaism. But, as an enormously high proportion of the Jewish families who were settled in England two centuries ago are no longer to be traced in the Jewish community, the "exclusiveness" to which you refer so regretfully is imaginary. The "unassimilability of the Jew" simply implies that those of us who have not assimilated are still recognisable, which is hardly remarkable. Incidentally, I do not understand why it should be regarded as a misdemeanour for a Jew, but not for a Quaker or Plymouth Brother, to endeavour to preserve his family's religious loyalty by "Bronze Age taboos." CECIL ROTH

P.S.—*A propos* of Rothschild taste, have you recently inspected the Waddesdon Bequest at the British Museum, or the Salle Rothschild, etc., at the Louvre? It was the English branch of the family that went ormolu.

It hardly matters, but do you know that there were *two* factual misquotations in your 1½ columns?

(Mr. Raymond Mortimer writes: "It is because I so fully recognise the immense value as citizens of those Jews who are not 'exclusive' that I deplore the determination of a minority to maintain their exclusiveness—a determination which I thought was supported by Mr. Roth. Those Jews, for instance, whose religion prevents them eating in the houses of their Gentile fellow-citizens seem to me to show an exclusiveness quite different from that of any non-conformist body. My statement about a nation not being able to enjoy carrying a foreign body within it was purely factual and objective. Perhaps it would be a good thing if a nation did enjoy this: actually no nation does. Of course I am not demanding that Jews should be baptised, but there is nothing anti-Semitic in my belief that assimilation by inter-marriage is the most hopeful solution of the Jewish problem. Hitler indeed would be at least as much shocked by it as Mr. Roth can be." —ED., *N.S. & N.*)

A MEDICAL PREPARATION

SIR,—For some unaccountable reason no publicity has been given by the Press to the following report by the Comptroller and Auditor General ("Army Appropriation Account, 1939," House of Commons Paper, 37/1941):—

Vote 2. Contracts for a special Medical Preparation.

"In July 1939, a contract was placed with the sole manufacturers of a special medical preparation at an agreed price of £5 per 1,000 tablets for a year's supply for the War Office and other Departments, estimated at 250,000 tablets. The agreed price was appreciably lower than that usually charged by the contractor. In consequence of heavily increased demands, revised prices, varying with quantities supplied and ranging down to £4 5s. per 1,000 if over 20 millions, were offered by the contractor and accepted by the War Office. In July 1940 a further non-competitive contract for one year was placed for eleven million tablets at 19s. 9d. per 1,000 (subject to variations of prices of materials), this price being agreed after an investigation into the price of £4 1s. per 1,000 quoted by the contractor. In view of the results of the investigation I asked the War Office whether steps had been taken to ensure that the revised prices accepted for the 1939 contract were fair and reasonable. In reply I have been informed that arrangements have now been made for the 1939 contract to be costed and for the difference between contract and costed prices to be refunded by the contractor. The amount involved in these adjustments has not yet been determined."

As one who has taken some interest in problems of social health I ask whether it is in the public welfare that the name of this preparation—now supplied to the War Office at the rate of 4 for one penny—should be withheld.

82 St. George's Drive, S.W.1. RICHARD M. TITMUSS

THIS PLAN WILL BRING YOU

£240 A YEAR FOR LIFE FROM AGE 55

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred have to provide for their own future. They have no rich relative to take the burden from their shoulders, and no business pension scheme to fall back upon. They stand or fall on their own efforts.

Are you satisfied with the progress you yourself are making? Have you saved anything like enough to justify a belief that at 55 years of age you will be in a position to take things more easily? What about your family, should you, the bread winner, be taken from them? The plan about to be explained will, if adopted without further delay, relieve you of all anxiety about the matter.

It is the best, the easiest and the surest way of providing both for your own later years and for your dependents.

Assuming your age to be 35 and you would like to provide for a private income of £240 a year for life commencing at age 55, this is how the plan works out. You make monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly deposits to the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company, of an agreed sum, and you get in return

£240 a Year for Life

At 55 years of age the Sun Life of Canada will start paying you an income for life of £240 per annum, and you'll receive this income every year as long as you live. Or, if you prefer it, you can have £3,350 plus profits in lieu of the pension.

Income Tax Saved

For every deposit you make you receive rebate of Income Tax—a concession which will save you a considerable sum during the period. This is additional profit on the transaction.

£2,000 for Your Family

Should you not live to the age of 55, £2,000, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to your family.

Any Age, Any Amount

Though 35 and £240 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan may be varied to suit other ages and to provide larger or smaller incomes. Whatever amount you can save (from £1 a month) for your own and your family's future, this plan is the safest and most profitable you can adopt.

The Plan is Flexible

Supposing that after making deposits for two years or more you found yourself temporarily unable to continue, there is provision to help you. The Company would in that event, automatically advance your overdue deposit and keep the plan in force, allowing you a certain time to bring your deposits up to date. The longer the plan had been in force the longer this time would be.

£195,000,000 Assets

The Sun Life of Canada has assets of over £195,000,000. It is the largest Company of the British Empire transacting Life Assurance solely. Do not, therefore, hesitate to send for particulars of this plan which may mean great things for you and yours.

War Risk Cover available for Civilians, depending upon individual circumstances.

FILL IN THIS FORM NOW.

POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED.

To H. O. Leach *(General Manager for British Isles)*

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company),

10, Sun of Canada House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

I should like to know more about your Income Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

Occupation ..... Exact date of birth .....

NEW STATESMAN, 17/5/41

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is said that the great ages of letter writing have gone for good. A deciduous plant, the art has now lost its leaves which the postcard, the telephone and telegram have nipped off like a frost, and we are left with only the blatant branches of a skeleton: "Yours to hand, will write later." People who spent a whole morning, a whole day even, in a state of tumescent egoism before their writing pads, have now hardened. They "dash off a line," they "scribble a note," or, better still, like Napoleon, let letters answer themselves, though to judge by the mass of his correspondence, very few had to do that.

It is natural to suspect a decadence. We are far from the eighteenth century, the great age of letter-writing; we do not produce our Walpoles, our Lady Mary Wortley Montagus, our Madame de Sévignés, burbling and dissertating on events, nor our Chesterfields rounding off our manners. That must have been the great age for it is also the age of the epistolary novel. But whence the enormous garrulity of the eighteenth century? There must be many answers to that question, but one seems to be unmistakable. The eighteenth century was the last time people believed in the importance of personality. The middle class had at last emerged from their long, harried struggle, the aristocracy was teaching them how to live, both classes were uniting in a love of the natural man, a love which, after two or three generations, was to become a passion. The age of the great letter-writters was not only the age of news, which is the basis of letter-writing, it was also the age of autobiography or news in the first person singular.

Why did the great age of letter-writing decline? Again one can offer only suggestions. The solid establishment of newspapers must have made the Walpoles and Sévignés superfluous; sermons must have killed the Chesterfields. One thing the Revolution did *not* release was the natural man; on the contrary, from the Romantics onwards, personality declines, self-consciousness increases. But there is yet another suggestion. One hesitates to make it. Yet the more one reflects upon it the more likely it seems, though Voltaire said the post was the consolation of life. A hint lies in Byron's remark and Byron was always a realist: "I forgot to say that one of the pleasures of reading old letters is that knowledge that they need no answer."

Clarissa and Pamela may have enjoyed replying, there was no choice anyway. But one can see that there must have come a time when the son of Lord Chesterfield groaned when he saw the familiar hand, when Mme. de Sévigné's daughter sighed, "What, *another* letter from mother. I haven't answered the last." The brilliant, dithering, bothering and meandering egoists began to choke the letter boxes; and if, as seems to be the case, Abelard himself got more and more dilatory in his replies to Héloïse, may it not be suggested that a feeling began to grow that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had gone on long enough? These voracious giants and giantesses had to be fed on the patience as well as the pleasure of their correspondents. Perhaps the decline of the art of letter-writing has been an emancipation. The passing of the Augustan style, down whose smooth slopes the slide into verbosity became so easy and unconscious, for the ungifted, marks the end. The Augustan manner was a formula which enabled the dull to stay, indeed to overstay, the course.

What is a good letter? Good writing, first of all. It is perhaps a good confession and good writing clears the mind as confession puts order on the soul. A letter should really stand up to the tests one applies to autobiography, where boredom arises from self-display without self-revelation, and from reporting events as if they happened without the assistance of human nature. The common fault is brightness and facetiousness, the forced note, the straining after intimacy. This is inevitable for letter-writing is one of the domestic arts, like cookery, where you have often to improvise and end by falling back on your Mrs. Beeton, a lady who went puffing and blowing like a referee through English cookery as others go puffing and blowing through human relationships. It is proper to cut a figure in letters, but on the whole, except in moments of sheer inspiration, it is best not to care what figure one is cutting. The rule of good letter-writing is truth to the mood of the moment, a natural sincerity which may lead one to the personal declamations, which St. Paul, D. H. Lawrence, or Tom Paine made to their friends or enemies; or to the shameless pleasure in his own ridiculousness which Boswell had when he described the success of his visits to Rousseau and Voltaire. Boswell, I think, is the best of the semi-naked letter writers who have the air of going about society dressed like some Peter Arno figure in short pants and sock suspenders only. But imitators should remember that it is the touch of remorse in his high spirits which is the making of that infatuated figure.

The hardest letters to write are letters of consolation to the bereaved. We know by instinct and experience that there can be no immediate consolation for the loss of a loved person, we dread to hint our occasional knowledge that the "release" was a "happy" one. We feel impelled to philosophise or to construct a new hope or meaning within the stark scaffolding of grief. We fail. We are not trained for occasions as public men are; and yet vanity or mere blundering kindness tell us here is an occasion we must rise to. We flop. We have not been content with simplicity or sincerity. In letters of consolation public men have an advantage over the private individual. They have the habit of using the great words and, as in the famous letters of Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin to the bereaved, sometimes the public man knows what the big words mean or can descend from their height to a simplicity of feeling all the more striking because it has come down from a great prestige.

The Franklin and Lincoln letters and some of the others I have mentioned may be found in a new American anthology: *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters Edited*, by M. Lincoln Shuster (Heinemann, 12*s.* 6*d.*). This is a popular anthology which contains excellent letters of many kinds, and it ranges from a retort by Alexander the Great, to Thomas Mann's majestic reply to the University of Bonn when he was struck off the roll by the Nazis. There is a piquancy in the individual letter set down, as it is here, with a dry note on the circumstances in which it was written and on the kind of reply it got. It is amusing to note that Lord Chesterfield's only comment on Dr. Johnson's famous address to him was that it was "well written." But I prefer to read a whole correspondence, and an editor who is thinking mainly of piquancy and irony is apt to miss a writer's characteristic letters. This Mr. Shuster does when he prints, for example, an insignificant letter by Byron—one of the best letter writers who ever lived—and those shorter ones by Keats which describe his agony and not those long ones which were major acts of criticism. Mr. Shuster's choice is apt too often, if not always, to stress the trivial and for a book which has the words "World" and "Great" in its title, this strikes me as being a large net with surprisingly few fish in it. But Mr. Shuster disarms one by his zest. A life-long writer of letters with a huge knowledge of the chase, he can be heard yelping ecstatically under a mountain of distinguished epistles, and trying to scratch and burrow his way out with something unexpected between his teeth. Appalled by the task of finding a system, he is in the end shameless:

> I am using the word (great) in a strictly personal sense. I mean to suggest that I have gathered letters which have had great interest and fascination for me because of their importance in history, their illumination of biography, and their value as a clue to motives.

How Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Christopher Morley fit into this scheme, defeats me. But letters like those of Lincoln, Franklin, Héloïse to Abelard after their separation, Raleigh to his wife on the eve of his execution—though it turned out not to be the eve—Feuchtwanger's to the Nazi who took his house, Ellen Terry to Bernard Shaw and Dostoevsky to his brother, before going to Siberia, are random examples of the right thing. But in such a scheme, though dazzled by the names already there and amused by the variety of mood and subject, one surely was entitled to expect something from the *Paston Letters*, from Flaubert, Balzac, Chehov, Cowper and T. E. Lawrence. Above all Charles Lamb. Lamb was almost a founder of a school of letter-writing. Christopher Morley, his dreary, fruity imitator, shows how disastrous the school was, but this is poor consolation. To my mind there is too much love in this book. The letter of Héloïse is supreme in its kind; but love letters are the most boring kind of letter. Among so much passion one jumps at the Dubarry's mercenary little chit to an admirer telling him he can have her fairly cheap if he will have the sense to agree to a short tenancy. To balance the prudence of illicit love I should have put a selection of those short but model instances of how to keep the respectable affections on the *qui vive* which Richard Steele wrote to his Prue:

> Dear Prue,
>
> I am come from a committe where I have been chairman and drank too much. I have the headache and should be glad you would come to me in good humour which would always banish any uneasiness of temper from, dear Prue, yr fond fool of a husband.

Some of Mr. Shuster's omissions are serious, but taking him as you find him, a man interested in the transitory light which letters throw upon a character or situation, he has the merit of startling variety. You can read the great letters of indignation, like Tom Paine's attack on Washington; the strange prophecies, like Macaulay's attack on American democracy when he declared that America would be overrun by a new race of barbarians in the twentieth century unless its life was brought to order. Dickens is represented by his grief and not his humour. Jerome records the destruction of Roman civilisation, Pascal asks for information about an experiment with mercury, and Priestley bitterly denounces the mob who wrecked his home in Birmingham, Disraeli (very dull) offers Carlyle a pension. Grief, love, hate, ambition, laughter and despair have their places; the passionate concern for travel, illness and money, I find neglected. In Balzac there are good letters about money calculations; Byron was interesting about his illness in Greece; travel would have been found anywhere, but especially in the long sedate letters of the eighteenth century which Mr. Shuster does not like.

There is one very funny letter in Mr. Shuster's book. I am glad he put it in though I cannot see the justification. It was writen by one Nye, who later became a celebrated American humorist, when he was appointed postmaster at a small town in Wyoming. He wrote at once to his employers:

> My Dear General,
>
> I have received by telegraph the news of my nomination by the President and my confirmation by the Senate, as postmaster at Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for same.
>
> I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and post office outfit, including new corrugated cuspidors for the lady clerks.

Becoming recognized as the most important book of the year, & one of the most important of the century

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY

Dodd was U.S. Ambassador to Germany, 1933-1938: this is the private diary he kept during his mission

"A whispering campaign against its accuracy was attempted in London, and I have been at some pains to hunt down and dispose of these detractions whenever they took a definite form. It is one of the frankest and most clear-headed accounts we are ever likely to have of the European drama during the past seven years. His outspoken comments on the Fascist sympathies of many upper-class British people are extremely illuminating"—*H. G. Wells*

"There can be no sort of doubt that it is certain to be one of the indispensable documents for the future historian of our time. . . . A lifting of the veil by one whose training and insight fitted him to understand the forces in play. . . . There is not a redeeming feature in these pages about the Nazi rulers. It is clear that they planned for war; it is clear that they wanted war. . . . No Englishman emerges with credit from these pages. Our first Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, is aloof; the attitude of Sir Nevile Henderson has been defined in his own book. Lord Lothian, whatever he may have done later to retrieve his reputation, is, in these entries, the ardent friend of the Hitler system. . . . It is the story of a fantastic nightmare. My own inference from it is the simple one that it will always recur until the people charge themselves with their own destiny. . . . Ought to be read by every Socialist as an indispensable guide to the peace"—*Harold Laski* (*Tribune*)

"In entry after entry of this amazing diary he piled up evidence on the essentially warlike character of the Nazi regime. . . . During his time in Berlin he witnessed the evil flowering of Nazi barbarism—the murder and torture of political opponents and even innocent and politically non-interested workers, the excesses of anti-Semitism, and the purge of Captain Ernst Roehm and his group. . . . His diary will be a treasure-house for historians of the future. His vivid snapshots of the Nazi leaders—Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Hess, Schacht, Ley, Rosenberg—are unforgettable. So are some of the big set 'scenes', such as the Hindenburg funeral. Pitiless are his revelations of the moral characters of such representatives of pre-Hitler Germany as Neurath, present Protector of Bohemia, and Schacht. . . . Because Dodd was intensely human there is something of Pepys in this diary; because he had a passion for justice, and a sardonic eye, something of Voltaire; because he was a trained historian who saw with a maximum of objectivity, a touch of Gibbon of the 'Autobiography'"—*Cavalcade*

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"The tale he has to tell explains a lot and (as Dodd might say) *then some*. Do you remember Baldwin denying, again and again, Churchill's revelations about German re-armament? Dodd gives the explanation . . . In September 1934 Dodd informed the British Ambassador of the German purchase of a million dollars' worth of aircraft from the United States, for which the Nazis had paid in gold. He was astonished to find that . . . At a time when Germany was refusing to pay its debts to the Lancashire cotton trade, he says that . . . a mysterious 'British woman, connected with Hitler's inner group', had been in Berlin to sell war equipment for the British firm of Vickers-Armstrong. One day Schacht . . . 'acknowledged that the Hitler Party is absolutely committed to war'. . . . William Bullitt, while still U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, thought that Russia. . . . Of Goering, Dodd paints some pretty pictures. . . . Himmler's favourite sadistic trick. . . . Laval was intriguing with Nazi secret agents as far back as 1935. . . . Lord Londonderry once sat in silence at a Nazi show while Goering. . . . Sir Nevile Henderson was reported. . . . Sir John Simon was regarded by everybody. . . . Polish Ambassador Lipski was convinced. . . . And so"—*Reynolds*

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GOLLANCZ

I look upon the appointment, myself, as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, in the Nation's onward march toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of State which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom.

Now that we are co-workers in the same department, I trust that you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning post office affairs. Be perfectly frank with me, and feel perfectly free to just bring anything of that kind right to me. Do not feel reluctant because I may at times appear haughty and indifferent, cold or reserved. Perhaps you do not think I know the difference between a general delivery window and a three-m quad, but that is a mistake. My general information is far beyond my years.

With profoundest regard, and a hearty endorsement of the policy of the President and the Senate, whatever it may be,

I remain, sincerely yours,

Bill Nye, P.M.

General Frank Hatton, Washington, D.C.

A whole school of American humour is implicit in that letter.

It surprises me that no one has thought of making a collection of letters written during the last 30 or 40 years. There must be many excellent ones which would draw a picture of contemporary manners. And those written by the young in the Byronic fit of the last decade, by people like Cornford, Julian Bell, Christopher Caudwell, would present an intimate portrait of a generation. Many of the gifted who had no proper place in our society have written excellent letters. They wasted their talent doing so. There is a place for such a collection and no doubt the present war is adding to the material. Why do we not anticipate posterity, why not circumvent the horrified relations of the future who like to lock letters up for a hundred years and then burn them in a casual afternoon, as Lady Malahide started burning Boswell's, only 15 years ago? V. S. PRITCHETT

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

The Social Relations of Science. By J. G. CROWTHER. *Macmillan.* 16s.

The Emperor Frederick II, a forerunner of modern science, "had two men disembowelled, one after exercise and the other after sleep, to show the different effects of exercise and sleep on digestion." In this case the motive may well have been pure and ruthless scientific curiosity, but, as Mr. Crowther says, other motives often stimulate research. He cites the desire for reputation, the need to earn a living, the desire to serve humanity. Surprisingly he does not mention the itch for sheer construction or creation, which surely plays an important part in all experimentation and theorising.

Mr. Crowther rightly insists that science is not caused simply by the motives of individual scientists. His vivid account of the evolution of science from prehistoric times confirms the view that scientific discovery and theory have been mainly determined by large social influences, and above all by the demand for particular improvements in the technique of production. Thus from the sea-trader's need for accurate determination of longitude arose the theories of lunar motion and of the pendulum. No doubt, not only science but all culture is directly or indirectly an expression of the practical needs of society or of a class within society. But some of Mr. Crowther's instances of this important principle are open to question. Here are three specimens. "The Renaissance, or rebirth of classical learning, was in effect a manoeuvre by the triumphant bankers and merchants to fortify their new ruling position with cultural defences." In a feudal society, in which the producers simply carry out the demands of their superiors, "the notion of cause and effect is conceived in personal terms, and is subjective." Heavy animal-driven grindstones (which existed before Graeco-Roman times) were superseded by improved hand querns "because the Graeco-Romans used their ingenuity to remove the use of animal power from the invention in order to adapt it to slave power." These *may* be the true explanations, but in default of definite evidence they are little more than guess-work. The more far-reaching and significant a principle, the more likely is it to be uncritically applied by enthusiasts. The feats of some Freudians and some Marxists have afforded us an unforgettable object-lesson.

Mr. Crowther shows how science, itself a product of social influences, reacts upon society and general culture. For instance, in the first phase of industrialisation the development of machinery, which science had made possible, demanded unrestricted private enterprise; and this gave rise to our individualistic and democratic social order and ideology. But gradually, as industrial operations became more and more costly and complex, and beyond the range of even the largest private undertakings, centralisation set in, and the way was prepared for dictatorship. The bourgeois class, which rose to power through industrial initiative, propagated the gospel of freedom; but now it is being gradually compelled by the logic of the changes of production to set up some kind of totalitarianism. "Freedom and democracy are now a tradition somewhat in conflict with the present stage of the evolution of technique." In the future, however, "science may show how a man can provide all his needs, in communication, food, transport, etc., from very small instruments carried in his pockets." This state of affairs "would provide new concrete bases for freedom."

Meanwhile, in Mr. Crowther's view scientists should consciously act so as to secure that science shall be used to the best advantage for social well-being rather than for exploitation and destruction. This does not mean that they should enter politics, for which they have no equipment. They must spread the understanding of science, emphasise its social significance, undertake the "collective establishment of contacts with Cabinets and centres of government, so that no major political decision can be taken in ignorance of relevant scientific knowledge." The task of propagating scientific information and the scientific spirit, Mr. Crowther holds, should be performed mainly by whole-time professional scientific journalists. This book is a fine example of the kind of work that has to be done. In spite of a good deal of journalistic scrappiness it tells the great story vividly, and comments shrewdly on the social aspect of science to-day.

In one respect the book falls short. Any serious treatment of science and its social relations should point out that the modern scientific temper, like the attitudes which it has superseded, must be in important ways prejudiced by the unconscious assumptions of the age. Mr. Crowther himself remarks of an earlier age that "the almost universal failure of even the greatest minds to perceive the elementary fallacies in occult science is frightening." It should never be forgotten that a future generation may speak in like manner of some aspects of our own proud science. Though Mr. Crowther recognises that science will undergo far-reaching developments along familiar lines, he seems to accept the current scientific temper as final. He makes no distinction between those who reject science through prejudice and those who, while recognising that science is the greatest achievement of our age, try to see its limitations, and keep their minds open for signs of the next great revolutionary advance of thought. OLAF STAPLEDON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

In Search of Complications. By EUGENE DE SAVITSCH. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

King's Messenger, 1918-1940. By GEORGE P. ANTROBUS. *Herbert Jenkins.* 10s. 6d.

Pioneering Days. By THOMAS BELL. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

Autobiographies are, on the average, better reading than biographies proper; if Mr. Jones misrepresents Napoleon he just misrepresents him, but if Mr. Jones misrepresents himself he is *ipso facto* giving himself away. Here, e.g. are three new autobiographies—by a cosmopolitan doctor, a British Civil Servant and a British Communist respectively. Their lives—in print—are too much in key to ring quite true, but this very falsification, which is managed through selection and still more through omission, is informative; it is an unconscious over-ruling of heterogeneous realism for the sake of that coherence which we never achieve in our lives but which, as an implicit ideal, acts in our lives as a mainspring.

Dr. de Savitsch's book has the speed and surprises of an adventure story and, unlike many people who write their own adventures, he does not fluff his lines. Though a Russian, he writes a racy American English, and his lightness of handling does not preclude either thought or feeling. He is an exile who has made good and he points the moral in the last few pages:

> Whenever I see someone shaking at the fear of insecurity or change, which for me now has no terrors, or bored and restless because life has been too kind to ever seem vital or exciting, I feel that adversity has paid full dividends.

Caught as a boy in the Russian Revolution, he fled with his mother to Japan, but towards the end of 1920 returned to Siberia to fight for the Whites who, by that time thoroughly demoralised, were reluctant to accept volunteers but condescended to put him in charge of a shooting squad. His account of how he fulfilled his duty is illuminating:

> This business was getting as routine as sorting eggs. As time went on there was even something a little exhilarating about it—you might almost call it the feeling of gambler's luck. There were only two choices, to win or to lose. As long as we did the shooting, we had at least the illusion of winning.

After his macabre but inconsequent episode he returned to Japan where he was hired by an Englishman to play the role of a European boxer, matched against Japanese jujitsuists; "But I know nothing about either boxing or jujitsu," I protested in alarm. "That's why you'll be good," he said enthusiastically. "Remember, this is Japan, and in order to attract large audiences your Japanese opponent must always win. If you don't know how to fight that will practically insure results." De Savitsch raked up enough money to migrate in 1923 to California, where, after some discouraging experiences selling gingham at a bargain counter and working in a sugar refinery, he was found to have T.B. and was sent to a Sanatorium; his description of this Sanatorium is, like the rest of the book, light but serious. He left it to work behind an adding machine in a bank and to waste his time and his wages among the White Russians of San Francisco; he gives a highly comic presentation of that sad Chehovian menagerie.

When he escapes from the White Russian set his life and his writing take on a new concentration and unity; the rest of the book is concerned with his medical career—a series of vivid shots of the dissecting room, of the slums of Chicago, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and of the Belgian Congo where "hernias acquire the size of a watermelon and tumours the dimensions of an overgrown grape-fruit." This leads to some most interesting comparisons of the practice of medicine and medical research

in different countries and to an original (if reactionary?) attack on "the threat of socialised medicine." For Dr. de Savitsch is an individualist and confesses himself "homesick for the Congo where the doctor's initiative is not killed by supervision and subdivision."

Turning from this book to our other two autobiographies we leave individualism for two kinds—two very different kinds—of social functionalism and we leave the Open Mind for a couple of closed ones. Mr. Tom Bell, Communist pioneer on the Clydeside, and Mr. George Antrobus, late King's Messenger (he died last year), are both convinced that they know all the answers and this is because they both wear blinkers. Where Mr. Antrobus appears as a smug adherent of the *status quo* (which made him take things easy), Mr. Bell, as a sincere, if fanatical, rebel, evokes our admiration for a single-mindedness which drove him to take things hard.

Mr. Antrobus may well have been a charming person but his *King's Messenger* is, to my mind, a really shocking book—vulgar from beginning to end, self-satisfied, trivial, snobbish, cheaply cynical, deficient in political insight and moral feeling, and—in spite of the author's frequent remarks about "good writing"—ill-written. But it is interesting. It is interesting to meet an acolyte of the Foreign Office who smacks his lips so loudly over the perquisites of his caste, who dismisses "Social Services" as mere luxury expenditure, who sings a paean to Neville Chamberlain and calls Ramsay MacDonald "the greatest Briton of our epoch," and who giggles over the Reichstag trial which he found "a delicious little farce." Mr. Antrobus's generalisations on almost any subject are so facile and shallow that they would not be worth noticing if they were not representative (which, alas, they are) of a large body of opinion in this country. It may be a dead body but it is still in our midst and its great dead fingers are in every pie.

Where Mr. Antrobus is merely irritating Mr. Bell is disquieting, for his Left wing Puritanism, though both narrow and naive, is sincere and vital and commands respect. Brought up in the factories of Glasgow, he studied Marx in his 'teens and helped to found the Socialist Labour Party in 1903 and the Communist Party of Great Britain in 1920. Looking to Moscow both as his spiritual cradle and terminus, he turns the Nelson eye on the faults of the Stalinist régime. Thus he quotes Miss Ellen Wilkinson as a "romantic and careerist type" because many years ago she wrote an article "urging that the time was coming when the Communist International would have to go into opposition to the Soviet Government to preserve socialism!" Shriek-mark Mr. Bell's; he assumes that his point is obvious. He is an interesting and sympathetic example of the revolutionary to whom all things have been made clear.

LOUIS MACNEICE

UNITY OF INDIA

The Unity of India. By JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12s. 6d.

I am not one of those reviewers who are always saying: "This book should be read by everyone who cares about its theme." I say it now, convinced that no one competent to recognise greatness and integrity can fail to be stirred. The feeling which informs Nehru's mastery of our tongue gives that mastery a personal quality that heightens its appeal. He is walking away from Segaon, in 1939, at a crisis in the affairs which had been his preoccupation ever since he came to manhood, feeling his intense loneliness and something of falsity in the position which he found himself. Twelve of the fifteen Members of the Working Committee had resigned, and he, who had not

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resigned, was left with divided sympathies, and bewildered utterly as to the future and the way they were going:

> How many times I had gone along that dusty path during the past three years. . . . The scene was a familiar one, with the bare, arid plain stretching on every side and hardly a tree in sight. Yet it seemed different, perhaps because I myself had changed and looked at it with different eyes. The sun hung like a ball of fire on the horizon and beauty filled the silent air, but I was in no mood for beauty and felt weary and depressed. Loneliness gripped me in that empty plain and the lengthening shadows seemed ominous. We walked silently, for neither of us was in a mood for conversation. I was walking away, not from Segaon, but from something bigger, more vital, that had been part of me these many years.

"I always found Nehru straight," said the ablest Governor we have given India during the last hundred years. His honesty is of that exceptional quality that comes rarely even in a people (such as our own, may one say?) whose pride and reproach is their honesty, often their blundering simplicity and intellectual indifference to all subtlety. If he had been politician only, or even mainly, he would have done what so many have done; he would have let the Princes, for example, sleep on in imagined security. But because the whole of truth, the whole field of freedom, has been his concern, Nehru, almost alone among leading Indian Nationalists, has never left anyone in doubt as to his care for the Princes' subjects. The Indian States

> differ greatly among themselves, and some have advanced industrially and educationally, and some have had competent Rulers or Ministers. The majority of them, however, are sinks of reaction and incompetence and unrestrained autocratic power, sometimes exercised by vicious and degraded individuals. But whether the Ruler happens to be good or bad, or his Ministers competent or incompetent, the evil lies in the system. This system has vanished from the rest of the world, and, left to itself, it would have vanished from India long ago. . . . It has survived till to-day, though mighty revolutions have shaken the world and changed it, empires have collapsed, and crowds of princes and empires have faded away.

Opinion is now profoundly disquieted; we are aware that men and women, the world over, are asking not merely if our Empire can weather its perils, but whether it really stands for that justice which we blazon as our standard for all mankind. Because of tragedy being worked out before our eyes, if space permitted, the whole of his defence at his trial—it will stand among the world's great manifestos of moral and ethical principle—should be quoted. If I have carried my reader thus far, this will not be necessary; he will not rest till he has read it for himself.

> I am a lover of words and phrases and try to use them appropriately. Whatever my opinions might be, the words I use are meant to express them intelligibly and in ordered sequence. . . . It is not my intention to give details of the many errors and mistakes in these reports. That would mean rewriting them completely. That would waste your time, sir, and mine and would serve little purpose. I am not here to defend myself, and perhaps what I say in this statement will make your task easier. . . . It is not necessary to go to garbled reports to find out what I or other Congressmen say in regard to India and the war. The Congress resolutions and statements, carefully and precisely worded, are there for all the world to know. By those resolutions and statements I stand.

Mr. Amery spoke of Nehru's "crime." Our crime has been that this was not India's war and we have not yet made it India's war. The past thirty years are swept away and India is back to 1910 and the Morley-Minto Age. Therefore, not Nehru only, but every Indian who counts, is outside our effort—for democracy?

EDWARD THOMPSON

FROM CHINA

The Silent Traveller in the Yorkshire Dales. By CHIANG YEE. Illustrated by the Author. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

The Tower of Five Glories. A Study of the Min Chia of Yünnan. By C. P. FITZGERALD. *Cresset Press.* 16s.

It would be unfair to say that Mr. Chiang knows what we expect of him and takes care that we get it. It is clear that he *is* exactly what we expect of a Chinese poet, sage and artist. He writes a very good poem and paints a very good picture in just the sense that we should say of someone that he played a good game of tennis or billiards, without at all meaning that the person referred to was a Tilden or Inman. Mr. Chiang writes classical poems in standard metres, with rhymes that have to be learnt by heart, and he paints according to the "methods" of various ancients. Both these difficult things he achieves with complete competence, and if the result is sometimes rather insipid, it is the "ancients" rather than Mr. Chiang that are to blame. Perhaps the best part of the book is his list of twenty-two "happy moments." The first is:

> One night at Parcevall Hall I could not sleep. It was too late to go out, but fortunately my bed was near the little old-fashioned window of my room, so I sat upright to look at the bright moon through the panes. There were two stone bars in this window and I had to dodge them to keep the moon in sight as she moved. A happy moment!

The Min Chia are "one of the most numerous and most civilised of the non-Chinese tribes of Yünnan." The region was incorporated into the Chinese Empire by Khublai Khan in the thirteenth century. To-day the Min Chia speak a language the vocabulary of which is largely borrowed from Chinese; but their grammar and syntax are quite distinct. Their habits differ in most ways very little from those of other un-Europeanised Chinese, but one very fundamental difference, the fact that descendants of a common male ancestor may marry, suggests that Min Chia and Chinese are of radically different origin. Mr. Fitzgerald guesses that the Min Chia may be akin to the Tai (Siamese); but he does not seem to have ascertained whether their language supports this theory. They are in no sense a subject race, being eligible for government posts on the same footing as the Chinese. Their religion and ritual are in most ways similar to those of rural China in general; but they have exorcistic dances somewhat similar to those of ancient Korea and modern Indonesia, and vaguely recalling the Calusari dances of Rumania. Of these Mr. Fitzgerald gives an excellent description. If it is true, as he surmises, that the name of these dancers means Fairy Men there is here a definite link with Korea; for the Korean dancers were called hsien-lang, "fairy boys." "The Sai Dser (Fairy Men) dance round the patient, reeling and swaying, chanting in a high-pitched blurred voice, so that the words cannot be distinguished by those present." *The Tower of Five Glories* is an unusually interesting book, and is well illustrated.

ARTHUR WALEY

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SOME GREEK EPIGRAMS

Asklepiades of Samos. By WILLIAM and MARY WALLACE. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Greek Anthology, with its thousands of pieces, by authors of all kinds and of many periods, will never, apparently, lose its attraction for translators. Its "epigrams," not many of which are epigrammatic in our sense of the word, have, as Gladstone said, a sort of point, but not too much point; and thus their charm, when it exists, is excessively difficult to reproduce in another language. It is as if French poets could not resist the temptation to try to convey the flavour of Cowper's "Royal George" or of Austin Dobson's dainty verses to their countrymen. The very difficulty would provide the impulse.

We have seen any number of such attempts—Mackail's, Headlam's, Richard Garnett's, Walter Leaf's. Shakespeare himself was prompted, how we do not know, to imitate Marianus. And now we have two American scholars choosing one of these Greek poets, and giving us forty of his epigrams, first in Greek, and then in English. With great generosity and amazing courage they usually add to their own versions those of their predecessors for the sake of comparison; and for this we owe them special gratitude. For the "sort of point" in these poems often strikes

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different translators in different ways, and—quite apart from the question of relative merit—the reader has a chance, by studying these renderings, of catching more fully the aroma of the original.

An excellent introduction tells us all that is known, which is not much, of Asclepiades, and there are also some valuable notes. The authors accept the view that he was the inventor of the "Asclepiad" metres, which "every schoolboy knows" to have been adopted by Horace. If so, it is curious that not a single Asclepiad of his own has survived. Many, again, of "his" epigrams may be by somebody else; for his *Soros* or *Heap* was a joint publication. But enough that is certainly authentic remains to justify us in setting him among the chief of the writers of this class of poetry. A contemporary of Alexander the Great, he inspired Theocritus and certainly influenced that Alexandrian school of which Callimachus was the leader, and which, holding, like Edgar Allan Poe, that a long poem was a contradiction in terms, gave a vogue to the epigram which shows no sign of losing its vigour.

Among the specimens which Professor and Mrs. Wallace have chosen, there are several which are really beautiful. There is the famous one on Lysippus' statue of Alexander; but I would rather select the one on the statue of Berenice, of which the authors give us a literal version, adding this from Herman Merivale:

> This form is Cytherea's. Nay,
> 'Tis Berenice's, I protest.
> So like to both, you safely may
> Give it to either you like best;

and this from Humbert Wolfe:

> Is this of Berenice or of Venus
> the statue? Stranger, can you choose
> between us?

E. E. KELLETT

CHARMS OF PEREGRINATION

Lundy, Isle of Puffins. By RICHARD PERRY. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At the Turn of the Tide. By RICHARD PERRY. Buckingham Library. *Lindsay Drummond.* 6*s.*

Assam Adventure. By F. KINGDON WARD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"There are regrettably," says Mr. Perry, in the preface to his latest book, *Lundy, Isle of Puffins*, "no tribes of aboriginals in the British Isles. Not having the means to get myself to some place where human behaviour may be studied under natural conditions, I had to fall back for a study of fundamental behaviour on some subject nearer home." And so he went to study the 70,000 odd puffins, kittiwakes, razorbills and guillemots on Lundy Island. After reading Mr. Perry's two books on these *ersatz* aboriginals, I feel convinced that he would with difficulty be induced to exchange his adored sea-birds for even the most unspoiled human tribes; though his endless patience and endurance, his finely developed perceptual powers, scientific acumen and rare descriptive gifts would as surely place him in the front rank of anthropologists as of ornithologists. He might have had the knowledge without the passionate perception, or the artist's vision without science; but he has both, and at the same time an almost poignant sense of the mysteries of bird behaviour which elude our limited human senses, but which he has done much to elucidate. His speculations on synchronised movement and mass-sensitiveness in the chapter called "Simultaneous Flight Movement" in *At the Turn of the Tide*, are excitingly novel, but confirm all one's experience of co-ordinated movement among unspoilt *human* tribes all the world over, though naturally no human being can emulate the hypersensitive nervous and physical organism of a bird. Another subject to which he returns with a kind of nostalgia in both books is the supreme importance of light in a bird's life:

> Light, not necessarily sunlight, but just daylight, is the dominating force in the life of a bird, who is always travelling thousands of miles in search of it, or welcoming it at dawn, at sunset and at moonrise. With light I can make a bird breed out of his season and out of his hemisphere; with light I can make him change his plumage out of season; with light I can increase the intensity of his colouring.

And, again, of the departure of the Sandwich terns:

> While I shiver for six months on the northern saltings with the wild geese, their tenuous bodies, coral and black and yellow, are renewing the fire of life in the warm blue seas of the Tropics.

It is, indeed, the continuity of Mr. Perry's observations, day in and day out, year in and year out, that give them their unique value, in combination with his passionate absorption. And it is by the gradual unfolding of wonderfully detailed, lucid bird biographies that he prepares us for the thrilling pages in which he describes the first unrehearsed flight to the night sea of the tiny razorbill and guillemot chicks, "little black and white sacks of fish," sometimes only a fortnight old, who up to then had only been brooded and fed and jostled on a narrow ledge hundreds of feet above it.

While Mr. Perry, the ornithologist, waited hardily on Lundy Island, welcoming the seabirds from their winter cruise, and setting down the whole round of their vivid existence till they set out again with their offspring on new, prodigious journeys, Mr. Kingdon Ward, the botanist, was exploring vast tracts of Southern Tibet in search of those more sedentary aboriginals, the Alpine flowers. *Assam Adventure* suggests wild Nagas in gorgeous dance-plumes; but in fact it is not till the author has crossed the Assam Himalayas that his real journey begins: an adventure out of Assam into Tibet. "I was curious to know what sort of flora grew *behind* the Great Himalayan range. I wanted to go on just a little further." Much later, when he has many arduous, even terrifying climbs behind him, he still says, "In a couple of hours I could reach it, and my outward journey would be finished. Finished? The thought was unbearable!" and his goal again becomes a starting-point. Unfortunately the spectre Time clanks after him, as after almost all European travellers; or is it the nightmare of a race which must be won that haunts the jockey in every Englishman? To be a botanist of Mr. Kingdon Ward's quality is also to be an explorer, and this book, which is a synthesis of several Tibetan journeys, records the discovery of mountains as well as plants. But he is indifferent to "records" and frankly admits that priority claims are the worm with which publishers like to bait their books. "I get more satisfaction from discovering a new plant which thousands can enjoy, than from discovering a new mountain which I can only describe." But his descriptions, both of flowers and mountains, have the vividness inspired by passionate vision, such as Mr. Perry brings to his birds.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Week-end Competitions

No. 589

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Competitors are asked to imagine that the B.B.C. Home Service has been in existence from the beginning of history. The usual prizes are offered for the nine o'clock bulletin on any of the following events: the Burning of Joan of Arc, the Trial of Oscar Wilde, the Murder of Thomas à Becket, the Landing of William of Orange, the Death of Gordon, the First Flight of an Aeroplane, the Dutch Sailing up the Thames. Entries shou'd not exceed 250 words.

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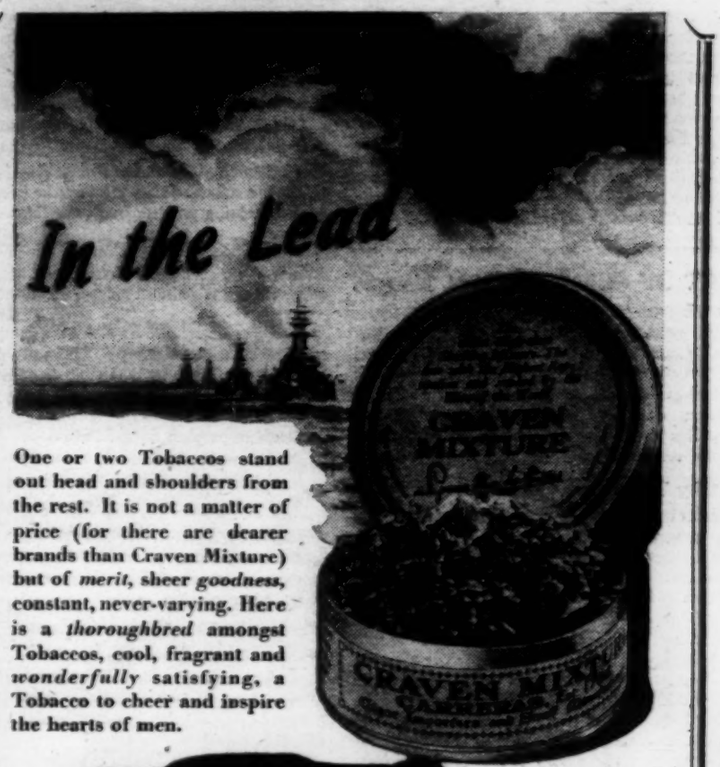

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, May 26th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 586

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second of Half-a-Guinea are offered for a set of maxims (in prose) on any *six* of the following subjects: Irrational guilt feelings, the average man, the use of cosmetics, the enjoyment of danger, egocentricity, free speech, the pleasure of pessimism, universal education, progress.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A maxim is best expressed wittily, must be expressed gracefully, should be expressed pointedly: but the final test is that some truth about human behaviour is touched off. From a very large entry, containing a proportion of sense, a measure of wit and a deal of neatness I picked out Richard Pomfret, Irene Nicholson, Little Billee, Pharisee, A. A. Wood, N. P. Meadway, J. H. G. Gibbs, Sir Robert Witt, N. A. P. and Allan Laing as possibles: in selecting the last two as joint prize-winners sharing the spoils, I should say that there seemed to me to be several better single maxims among other competitors, but that these two reached the highest general level. The difficulties of the decision can be gauged by these selections:

Egocentricity:

Take yourself as the centre, and your little world will be magnified into a universe. (A. M. C.)

The world does not rotate about a point on its circumference. (M. Cassell)

The self-centred man is an untidy child who has refused to grow up: his friends, like toys made of looking-glass, are left to litter the floor. (Pharisee)

Celui qui commence par s'intéresser uniquement à lui-même finit souvent par connaître le mieux son prochain. (J. B. M.)

The Enjoyment of Danger:

Enjoyment of danger is like the angler's catch; it grows at each recollection.

The Average Man:

The average man is my inferior but the house he lives in is very much like mine. (L. Milner)

Beware the average man—he has always an *alibi*. (Jan Britton)

The average man is a myth invented by the mediocre to justify their mediocrity. (M. Edham)

Mediocrity is admittedly the rule; but why put it on a pedestal? (N. P. Meadway)

No one ever nailed down the average man except the undertaker. (Richard Pomfret)

Progress:

Progress is an escalator ride: popular demand determines the direction, superhuman control the rate, and the individual has the same sensation of advancing, whether he is travelling up or down. (Pax)

In order to go forward you must turn your back on what is past. (M. Cassell)

"We're making progress," said the Gadarene swine. (C. F. Best)

Progress, like Free Will, is an illusion that the Reason denies but the Heart is obliged to accept. (Pharisee)

Progress is like mountaineering, if the path be upward it is slow. (Sir Robert Witt)

Lucifer, in his fall, made progress. (N. P. Meadway)

A blind man riding upon a lame ass may not realise that he is facing its tail. (Pipkin)

Cosmetics:

The use of cosmetics is nowadays a concession to propriety. (R. S. Jaffray)

To camouflage a peeling nose is use; to attempt the reconstruction of character abuse. (Bedlam)

To remove shine from the nose is admirable; to lend a blush to the cheek, forgivable; to incarnadine the finger nails, unnatural and abominable. (Stanley J. Sharpless)

The use of cosmetics is the vanity of youth: the humility of age. (L. Milner)

The use of cosmetics is due to woman's reluctance to accept anything at its face value—including herself. (D. Gottlieb)

We are told by people with the plainest faces that cosmetics will spoil our looks. (B. Tannett)

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters, over the skin. (Little Billee)

The Pleasure of Pessimism:

To see the world in Hell is the pleasure of one who is looking at it through the flames. (W. G. E.)

The experienced pessimist is a man who can combine the feeling of martyrdom with the knowledge that all is well. This is a most potent pleasure. (I. W. H. Hurford)

The pessimist, no less than the optimist, prophesies what he desires. The fall of Troy thus brought to Cassandra a double happiness—she was proved right, and she saw a hated city burn. (Pharisee)

Better to revel in misery than never to revel at all. (J. H. G. Gibbs)

The pleasure of pessimism is like delight in tobacco: it soothes the tongue while poisoning the liver. (Irene Nicholson)

Universal Education:

Remember that now all will be able to read; encourage the production of pornography; it may keep the revolution at bay a few years longer. (D. W. Barker)

It is not enough for Demos to know its A, B, C; it must also learn to mind its P's and Q's.

Free Speech:

Free speech appears as a noble or dangerous institution according to whether we agree with the speaker or not. (S. S. Sharpless)

Free speech is like an early leaving-age for schools; each thought is turned out raw on the world before it has had time to acquire manners. Repression is a necessity to subtle and studied expression, as all ages which had a style were ages of cruelty. (Arland Ussher)

Free speech is entirely a matter of breath, not truth. (B. Tannett)

The Fascist plans a world where freedom of speech would be absolute. For if the ants could talk, they would all wish to say the same thing. (Pharisee)

Free speech is for soliloquists only. (A. A. Wood)

PRIZES

I

Irrational Guilt Feelings:

A bad conscience is no more to be depended on than a good one, but it puts up a better bluff.

The Average Man:

Statistically speaking, the Average Man is the class of fashion and the mould of norm. Actually (and happily) he is a mere arithmetical figment which even the efforts of our national dailies cannot turn into a reality.

The Use of Cosmetics:

The basis of the cosmetics habit is a pathetic illusion that beauty is not even skin deep.

The Enjoyment of Danger:

The objection to enjoying danger is that though it may begin by creating heroes to save the situation, it may easily end in creating situations (war, for example) to serve the hero.

Egocentricity:

We are each the centre of our universe. Some of us are better at hiding it than the rest: that is all.

Free Speech:

Free speech depends on free thought. Only when all men learn to think for themselves will they be willing to listen to each other.

ALLAN M. LAING

II

Irrational Guilt Feelings:

Reason and conscience are mutual correctives.

The Average Man:

By the law of averages, the average man must be an abnormal monster.

The Use of Cosmetics:

Open artifice is the only form of guilelessness left to the sophisticated.

The Enjoyment of Danger:

Love is best enjoyed in anticipation, Danger in retrospect. To love dangerously, then, would seem to be a mark of prudence.

The Pleasure of Pessimism:

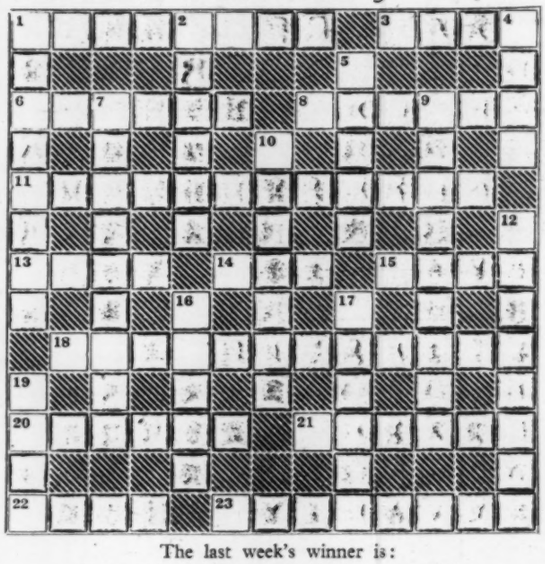
Other people's hopes are as pretty and tempting as butterflies, and as easy to squeeze.

Progress:

Progress is a convenient term for describing our journey from the golden ages.

N. A. P.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 32 *Set by* V. S.



The last week's winner is:
Dora Coles, 78 Chase Road, Southgate, N.14

ACROSS

1. Hit a girl in the solar plexus. (8)
3. Just the man to turn to. (4)
6 (*rev.*) Breaks a commandment one never breaks. (6)
8. At regular intervals a *N.S. & N.* contributor becomes a title-holder. (6)
11. Return the bag for the present? (4, 2, 3 & 3)
13. Are repeated with a variation that is unusual. (4)
14. Ward of Vanity Fair. (3)
15. Marlowe's tragic heroine acted naked. (4)
18. The Bishop of Rochester's inside was, I've come to the conclusion. (3 & 9)
20 A pussyfoot in liquor and none the worse for it. (6)
21 (*rev.*) How to get a meal in Dean St.? (6)
22. It's all thanks to me. (4)
23. Against me on every side for a while. (8)

DOWN

1. The playboy's better half? (8)
2. Sovereign and/or Savage. (6)
4. X, Y, no substitute for Z turned up? (4)
5. Get less and less refreshment for the noble lord's consumption. (5)
7. Tell-tale? Not out of school, busybody. (9)
9. It is true I warble. (9)
10. Put your foot down—spring from a previous marriage! (4 & 3)
12. Informed I've urgent reason to bale out (4 hyphen 4)
16. Eton half to be inserted? Good Lord Above! (5)
17. It's no crime for you to take up a sound agreement. (6)
19. No part of the memorial service. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," "NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

COMPENSATION FOR BOMBED BUSINESSES?—UNIT TRUSTS AND THE TREASURY—COURTAULDS AND COATS

THE setting up of an Advisory Committee by the Board of Trade to "examine the present (and post-war) problems of the retail trade in goods other than food," raises again the whole question of compensation for the "economically bombed" civilians in this war. In his statement Mr. Oliver Lyttelton did not hold out any prospect of compensation for the little shops which are unable to earn a living. His object, he said, was to ensure that the present disabilities of the retail trade do not press with unfair severity on any particular class or section. But he will be met with the objection that if he does nothing to compensate the economically bombed shop while the Government compensates cotton and metal brokers for the loss of their particular business, he will be aggravating the unfair incidence of the economic sufferings of the war. The trouble is that the Government have never lived up to the good resolutions it professed when Labour joined forces with it. Capital was then to be conscripted as well as man-power and if it had been recognised that capital, when called up, could expect no compensation, just as a man expects none when he is called up for military or other personal service, there would be less complaints of unfairness from the trading community. And the Government would then be able to tackle, as this Committee is intended to do, the problem of how to prevent large departmental or chain stores securing advantages of trading over the small shops out of the restrictions on consumption necessarily and properly enforced by the Board of Trade.

The decision to bring units and sub-units of the Unit Trusts within the category of securities which cannot be issued without Treasury consent (except in cases of sales from present holders) has alarmed some jobbers on the Stock Exchange. Surely it is all to the good to prevent new formations of Unit Trusts or the issue of fresh series of units by existing Trusts. This is not the time to indulge in new security issues which involve confusing advertisements to the investor. When we read appeals of the National Savings movement to make our money fight and invest our idle bank balances in Government bonds and then find advertisements of the Unit Trusts calling on us to invest our savings in a mixture of Government securities and first-class British equity shares, we are apt to be annoyed by the apparent contradiction in thinking. Actually, it does not hurt the Government to let our idle balances remain with the banks because the banks will lend them anyhow to the Government at, say, ½ per cent., whereas we would receive 3 per cent. if we bought Government Savings Bonds direct. Again, it does not hurt the Government if we buy blocks of the existing pool of ordinary shares, for this involves only the transfer of money from one pocket to another. It is only helpful to the Government if we buy Government bonds out of our genuine savings and then only if this abstention from consumption on our part sets free real resources from private use to the making of munitions. Obviously, if our personal abstinence merely enabled other consumers to consume more, the Government would be no better off. For example, if by saving we were able to buy existing Government bonds from a seller who was able to increase his purchases of consumption goods, we should not be helping the war forward. If, on the other hand, we save and buy sub-units of a Unit Trust from a seller who invests the proceeds in a new Government bond, our savings would have helped the war forward. The only objection I see to the present order banning the fresh issues of Unit Trusts without Treasury consent is that it penalises Unit Trust managers as against stockbrokers who can buy blocks of ordinary shares for issue to their clients without Treasury consent. At the moment, the order is regarded with some alarm on the Stock Exchange, because, in the words of one critic, "experience shows that a closed Unit Trust tends inevitably to unwind," that is to say, that there will be more sellers than buyers of sub-units. If that is so, the Stock Exchange jobbers will have to cope with a gradual unloading of British ordinary shares from Unit Trust managers. It would be a pity if this Treasury order encouraged Unit Trust managers to sell "bears" of their holdings.

* * *

The appetite of the British investor who has been forcibly dispossessed of his American holdings by the Treasury will have been whetted by the news of the coming issue in New York of American Viscose Corporation preferred and common shares. This is the outcome of the sale of 448,000 shares of this Corporation which the Treasury requisitioned from Courtaulds. The price paid was never published but rumour puts it at around £37½ millions or 25s. per share on the ordinary capital of Courtaulds. The next Treasury requisitioning will apparently fall on J. and P. Coats, which owns large factories in the United States. A director and the accountant have gone to New York to assist the Treasury in the negotiations. Just because good revenue-earning assets have to be sold I see no reasons why the shares of the company forced to the sacrifice should rise in market value. No compensation is payable to the companies or individuals "bombed" out of their American holdings.

Company Meeting

AULT AND WIBORG

THE Annual General Meeting of Ault and Wiborg, Ltd., was held on May 9th, in London.

Mr. Gerald Wellesley (the chairman) said that net profits amounted to £28,785, against £58,470 twelve months ago. After providing for income-tax, National Defence Contribution, dividend on the Preference shares, and transfer to the Preference share capital redemption reserve fund, there remained £6,221, which the directors recommended should be carried forward.

All were certainly aware of the vast reduction in the use of printing inks which had resulted from the drastic curtailment of printing papers and newsprint supplies. Newspapers which in pre-war days carried as much as 32 pages were now in most cases reduced to a maximum of six or four, and printing businesses had closed down on all sides. In the circumstances it was a matter for congratulation that they had been able to earn the profits mentioned. The report was unanimously adopted.

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UNITED MOLASSES

TRADING UNDER WAR CONDITIONS

THE Annual Meeting of The United Molasses Company, Limited, will be held on May 30th, 1941.

The following is a summary of the statement by the chairman (Mr. F. K. Kielberg) circulated with the report and accounts.

In the United Kingdom the Company had throughout the year acted as agents for the Ministry of Supply, under the direction of the controller of Molasses and Industrial Alcohol. The distribution of the country's requirements of molasses had worked smoothly and without a single breakdown. The commission received by the Company from the Ministry had amounted to less than 15 per cent. of the Company's combined profits.

The Agreement, however, permitted the Company and its foreign subsidiaries to buy and sell molasses abroad for their own account, and several of the subsidiary and associated companies, particularly in America, had had a successful year.

The Company's business with the continent of Europe had, of course, come to a complete standstill, and since last spring no news whatsoever had been received from any of the European subsidiary companies. The future values of the Continental assets and investments must be considered problematical, and the directors had decided to write off those assets and investments in full. The written down book value amounted to £166,200, although the actual value was considerably in excess of that figure. All fixed assets in the balance sheet at December 31st, 1940, were situated within the Empire or within the United States of America.

The excellent work of the Company's fleet had enabled the Company to meet all demands made upon it by the Controller. The losses suffered during the year were not severe, but the directors were nevertheless giving serious consideration to the problem of replacing lost tonnage at the earliest possible opportunity.

He felt certain that stockholders would wish to associate themselves in an expression of gratitude to the Company's masters, officers, engineers and crews for the courage and loyalty with which they were facing the hardships and dangers connected with their calling.

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